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THE MOORES OF MOORE'S COURT.

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CHAPTER I.

ONE night in the summer of the year 1828, two young men were seated together in an apartment in Trinity College, Dublin. A decanter and two glasses lay on a table before them; and, as they sipped their wine, they chatted with the careless freedom of students who have just passed the final examination for a University degree. They were both about the same age, and had entered college in the very same year. Moreover, as if nature sought to aid accidental circumstances in linking them together, there was a striking resemblance in their personal appearance: the only perceptible difference being that, while both were dark-featured, the face of one was wilder and more gipsy-like than that of the other, and his utterance more rapid and vehement. They were both dressed in the fashion of young Irish gentlemen of that period; and, to complete the parallel, they both wore their college gowns flung loosely over their shoulders. Yet, despite these points of resemblance, an acute observer would probably discern in that gipsy-like face traces of genius and imaginative power, which he would fail to trace in the more passive countenance of his companion.

"I assure you, my dear Charley," the quieter-looking young man was saying, "I never liked any fellow better than you, and never will. I am not one who can easily form new friendships. In fact, I am determined to call few persons my friends. Most people are time-servers and humbugs; and I, for one, don't believe much in attachments generated by self-interest. So don't talk any more about my forgetting you when we part, as I

VOL. I.—NO. I.

A

suppose we must, for a little time, now that we have taken our degrees. There, now! I've had to make a little speech in order to explain my feelings. Come, then, old boy! let me drink your health again."

The young man with the gipsy-like face eyed his companion curiously; and, though he raised his glass to his lips without speaking, his nerves did not seem to be quite steady, for his hand shook slightly.

"What's the matter with you, man?" said the first speaker, observing his friend's uneasiness, "you haven't seen a ghost about the room, have you?"

The young man with the gipsy-like face reddened. "No, Frank," said he; "the only ghosts that ever trouble me are those conjured up by my own fancy, and I sometimes find these rather troublesome, I assure you."

"Yes, I can easily understand that in your case. You have always found your imagination exceedingly active; and poetry seems to have given that faculty an abnormal stimulus. In a word, you are too much of an idealist."

"Oh! as for poetry, my dear Frank, you surely would not call me a poet for writing some verses at college, and contributing a few stray effusions to periodicals? But, indeed, the fancies I speak of may have their root in reality more than you suppose. I have just been thinking how our social relations overshadow our lives and chill our strongest affections. Do not the misfortunes of the most gifted men prove that man is, indeed, 'the slave of circumstance?' If such were not the case, how could men of generous impulse and pure enthusiasm ever go wrong? In fact, it is the world that spoils fine natures. It tries to sharpen our wits by freezing our hearts; and so we either lose what is best in ourselves or change into hard worldlings."

"Come! it is you who are speech-making now. Well, I agree with you to some extent. But I don't believe everyone is what you call a worldling."

"As far as I have seen—of course my experience is narrow—the only persons who are not worldlings are enthusiasts and school-girls. The ordinary notions about wealth and family are simply intolerable. The *man* seems to be utterly merged in his *possessions* or his *antecedents*."

"Now, I think, I see what you are driving at, Charley. You fancy my people are full of narrow pride and insolent exclusiveness. You think they believe in nothing but those stupid conventional distinctions that should have died out with the absurd fashions of the last century. This is not the case, let me tell you. Our family, the Moores of Moore's Court, is an old one; but my friends, I hope, are the friends of all my family."

"I would not advise you, Frank, to be the spokesman of your family. Pride of race is very strong still in Ireland, notwith-

standing Pope's fine platitude about 'all the blood of all the Howards.'"

"Oh, you sceptic!" cried Frank Moore; "you will stick to your own prejudices, in spite of my attempts to persuade you. Now, to convince you that you are wrong, I ask you to come down to Moore's Court for a few weeks, after you have gone home to Cork, and received the congratulations of your worthy parents. There is no need of formal invitations. Take a note of the thing, if you like; but don't forget to come."

He looked at his friend as he spoke, to watch the effect of his words; and, observing the other's embarrassed silence, exclaimed—

"I am surprised at you, Charley! Why do you hesitate? I thought you were quite free from the *mauvaise honte* of the school-girl. Surely, there can be no reason for refusing?"

"Oh! I am sure my friends in Cork would be quite glad that I should go to Moore's Court; but"—

"But what? Why do you raise objections, when there is really no reason for doing so?"

"It may seem strange; but I am rather shy, you know, and have not mixed much in society; and I could not bear the idea of intruding myself upon people who may not wish to know me."

"Oh! I see; you, who have been bred in a town, are much prouder than any of our country aristocracy, whose insolence you were condemning a few minutes since—really, you are not consistent. You have done great things in your time at college: you have beaten me in everything, I grant you; but, for God's sake, don't wrap yourself up in the pride of intellect, which is, I am convinced, deeper and more incurable than the pride either of wealth or of birth. Throw off your philosophic reserve, man. I suppose you are not going to enter a monastery. Man is a social being—promise to come."

The young man with the gipsy-like face here rose as if he were about to depart. He advanced towards his rather self-complacent companion, and laying his right hand on his shoulder, with a mixture of kindness and sensitive timidity, exclaimed—

"Do you think I can ever forget our college days? If you think me one of those who cannot appreciate kindness or generosity, you do not know me. I shall not try to analyse my feelings; but, let me say, I am, and shall ever be your *friend*, in the best sense of that word. For the sake, then, of that friendship, I will accept your invitation, though I know none of your relatives."

"Oh! come now, Charley," cried Frank Moore, "you do not imagine my relatives are Chinese or Hindoos? my friends surely are their friends—and that's enough about it."

"Let me be plain," said the darker youth, with an undercurrent of haughty self-consciousness in his tone and manner. "I hate patronage or assumption; and I should feel myself bound to resent such a thing even from the noblest. You said, awhile

ago, that your family is an old one. Mine, as far as I know, is not. The distinction, in my opinion, between an old and a new family is a mere sham; and I would not like to meet people who condescended to speak to me as a harmless person, but one of a lower caste than themselves. I may say, I am over-sensitive on such points."

"Pooh! pooh! I suppose one man is as good as another—a man's a man for a' that'—with a few slight modifications," said Moore, endeavouring to treat his friend's remarks lightly, though he was evidently a little nettled at such utter contempt for the distinctions of birth. "Be sure, Charley, we shall all show you as much kindness and unreserve as you can wish for. By-the-by, do you leave to-morrow for Cork?"

"Yes, to-morrow evening."

"Why 'tis to-morrow already," said Frank Moore, smiling as he saw the first grey light of dawn through the window. "Let's see the hour"—looking at his watch—"Lord, bless us! 'tis three o'clock. No sleeping for either of us to-night, *mon cher ami*. I intend, however, to sleep during the day, like a night-watchman."

The young man with the gipsy-like face extended his hand, which the other grasped with affectionate warmth.

"*Au revoir*, Charley, old fellow! I shall see you at Moore's Court."

"Good-bye, my dearest Frank. I hope we shall soon meet again; but I can't give you an express promise."

CHAPTER II.

ON the following night Charles Callanan, the young man with the gipsy-like face, took his seat in the mail-coach for Cork, which was expected to start from Dawson-street every afternoon at two o'clock. In those "good old times," punctuality seemed to be regarded as a very disagreeable virtue; and it was often an hour later than the appointed time when the crazy old vehicle rumbled on its way out of Dublin, with its burden of miscellaneous "traps" and travellers. On the present occasion the number of passengers was more limited than usual; indeed Charles was surprised to find that, besides himself, there were only two others, a gentleman and a lady, travelling by the mail-coach. Perhaps it was this fact, more than anything else, that induced him to cast a glance of close scrutiny at the faces and general appearance of his fellow-travellers. The gentleman—for, perhaps, courtesy requires that we should use that conventional term in introducing him—was a corpulent-looking individual, who had long passed his grand climacteric. He was dressed in the costume of the ordinary country squire of the period; and, if one were to judge by his posture and manner, his character

seemed to be marked by an utter absence of repose. He twisted his legs uneasily from side to side, glared around him fiercely with his small red eyes, yawned, and grumbled. Indeed it was evident that just now he was in that excited mental condition which results from indulgence in alcoholic stimulants.

The lady who sat on the opposite side, though considerably the junior of her male companion, was not young enough to be his daughter. She was a pale, resigned-looking woman, of apparently about five-and-thirty, dressed with the greatest neatness, but without any of that exaggerated display of fashion which many of the fine ladies of the time affected. There were marks of suffering on her wasted features; yet in that careworn face some traces of beauty still lingered, and there was a subdued sense of dignity in her demeanour, such as only aristocratic birth or conscious power can give.

Scarcely had Charles taken a mental note of these peculiarities in the aspect and manner of his travelling companions when the horses plunged forward with that sudden, jerky movement which seems necessary in order to initiate the locomotion of a mail-coach. The coachman cracked his whip, and shouted vehemently at the horses; and the old vehicle went rumbling on its way. Out through the streets of the city, faintly illuminated by the lights from the shop-windows—out into the suburbs, where wild-looking men, and unkempt women with babies in their arms, stood at the doors of wretched cabins, staring at the coach with idle curiosity, and where a few bare-legged tatterdemalions screamed and danced in the mud as they saw the lumbering vehicle roll by—out into the roads, where no lights appeared save the stars twinkling overhead, and no faces gazed at the old coach save those of the lazy cows in the fields, who, roused by the noise of the wheels and the clattering hoofs of the horses, opened their sleepy eyes and stared in stolid wonder.

Meanwhile the corpulent-looking passenger was staring at Charles Callanan with an expression of mingled curiosity and insolence. He did not seem like one who cared much for what are called the amenities of social intercourse; and his indifference to the ordinary rules of good breeding seemed to be increased by the strong wine, or, it may be, whiskey, which he had largely imbibed before leaving the metropolis. The lady tried in vain, by some casual remarks, to draw away his attention from the third passenger, seeing that this curiosity was becoming rather painful to the young man. But her efforts were utterly in vain, and seemed only to provoke the wrath of the corpulent-looking passenger, for he cried suddenly, with a menacing look—

"What are you making eyes at me for?"

"Oh, Barnes!" the lady exclaimed, with suppressed emotion.

The person whom she addressed in this reproachful fashion

only muttered: "None of your nonsense, ma'am!" with the rudeness of intoxication; and once more turned his bloodshot little eyes in the direction of the young man who sat opposite him. The inquiring expression of the eyes soon communicated itself to the mouth, and then to the tongue, which thus translated it into words:—

"I think I must have come across *you* somewhere before. I have a sort of idea that you are somebody I ought to know. Have I ever seen you before, young man?"

"I am really at a loss to say," Charles returned, with a slightly embarrassed air.

"You are a native of Cork—eh? or from the county, at least—eh?"

"Yes; I was born in the city of Cork," said the young man, with a certain show of reserve.

The questioner, unconscious of the other's feelings, or else wholly indifferent to them, continued to stare as before.

"What's your occupation, young man, may I ask?" he again demanded. "You are at business—eh?"

"Since you desire so eagerly to know, sir," said the young man, "I have no 'occupation,' as you call it, at present."

"No occupation!" cried the corpulent-looking passenger, with a horse laugh. "How do you live, then? You don't mean to tell me you're a gentleman—eh?"

"Oh, my dear Barnes, for shame!" murmured the lady, in the same suppressed tone.

Charles Callanan, with a feeling of bewilderment rather than indignation, gazed in turn at his two travelling companions. The painful situation of the lady excited his compassion, for it was evident that, both in mind and character, she was far superior to the man, who seemed rather to exercise over her a brutal authority than to regard her with either respect or affection. The sympathetic expression of the young man's features did not escape the lady's observation; but, with a sudden air of haughty disdain, she seemed to shrink from all pity.

"Now, look here, Mrs. D.," said the corpulent-looking man, catching her arm with some violence; "you know me, don't you? How dare you try to put me down with your nonsensical family airs? Why, madam, did you promise to 'love, honour, and obey'—eh?"

The lady, with a shudder, moved away from him, and only by a strong effort of will restrained herself from bursting into tears.

"What a very painful scene!" thought Charles, with a secret feeling that it was also, in some respects, a ludicrous one. "Which is it more advisable for me to interfere or to remain neutral?"

Before he had time to determine, the man had given him a vigorous slap on the shoulder. "You see, young man, matrimony

is rather a troublesome business," said he, shaking his head, and leering at Charles with the imbecile gravity of a drunkard.

"I am sorry for the lady, indeed," said Charles, aloud.

"Now, look here, my good fellow, do you think I'm drunk—eh?" cried the corpulent-looking man, with a threatening air. "You don't know me, my friend, it seems. I'm Squire Donovan, who fought a dozen duels and shot half-a-dozen men—four of them were cavalry officers. Mark me," he continued, extending his right hand boastfully, and bending the thumb as if there were a trigger beneath it, "that's the touch—eh? I'm one of those fellows that can bring down my man at twenty paces—like a bird. So look out!"

Somewhat alarmed by this blustering tone, Charles Callanan drew back in his seat a little, and eyed the man more closely. His native penetration guided him as to this individual's character. From his dissipated look and swaggering air, it was evident that he was one of those turbulent "squireens," who aped the vices of aristocracy without acquiring any of its dignity, and disgraced "the fine old name of gentleman" by their insolence, extravagance, and petty despotism.

While Charles was scanning him thus closely, he fixed his eyes on the young man with the air of one who, in theatrical slang, is said to "pause for a reply."

"I hope I have not offended you," said Charles, with more contempt, however, than submissiveness in his tone. "I am not aware that I said anything offensive."

The man who had described himself as "Squire Donovan" snapped his fingers in the air. "I want none of your mock politeness," said he; "your phiz is rather familiar, though. Let me see." Here he seemed to be looking for something in the abyss of his memory, but only to lose himself in the search. "No! that couldn't be—blood is blood. The Moores, I must say, in spite of their cursed treatment of myself, are the real old stock. But he is rather like young Moore, certainly. Begad, I really don't know what to make of the fellow's phiz."

Charles listened in utter bewilderment to these incoherent utterances. Strange to say, the lady seemed also to pay a serious attention to this maudlin self-communion.

Suddenly Squire Donovan, in a state of intense excitement, actually stood up, and stumbling towards the side at which Charles Callanan sat, seemed determined to embrace him; and, with the awkwardness of intoxication, almost fell over him. Charles, seeing the distress of the lady at this disagreeable incident, by an unusual exercise of self-restraint, laid his hands gently but firmly on the squire, and quietly placed that restless gentleman on the seat beside himself.

"You are a cool fellow, begad!" exclaimed the squire, turning

to stare once more at the young man who had so much excited his drunken fancy. "Look here, I say, young fellow! who are you, at all? I think I know you."

Charles hesitated. "No, sir; I had not the honour of your acquaintance till to-night."

Here the squire bent forward towards his female companion, who was now at the opposite side. "Look here, Julia," he whispered, but in such an awkward manner that the words reached the ears of Charles Callanan, "the fellow 'sirs' me, you see; so he can't be the genuine tap." Then, in a loud voice, he said to Charles—

"You're not anything to Sir Annesley Moore—are you?"

"Sir Annesley Moore!" repeated Charles, with a feeling of mingled surprise and curiosity. "No, I am not a relative of his; but I happen to know his son."

The lady here appeared to be even more interested than before. "I presume, then, that you and my—Sir Annesley's son, I mean, have been fellow-students?" she said, in what seemed to Charles a slightly patronizing tone.

The young man coloured slightly, and, turning to the lady, replied: "You have surmised quite correctly, madam. We have not only been fellow-students, but very dear friends. It was only last night that we parted."

At this point, the squire, who had vainly been endeavouring to grasp, with his muddled brain, the meaning of the few words which had passed between Charles and the lady, nodded, growled, and, muttering some unintelligible nonsense, fell into a profound sleep.

The lady, with a deep sigh, gazed at the figure of her intoxicated companion, then stealthily watched the expression of Charles's face, as if to see whether he realized the degradation of the man as truly as she did herself.

Charles Callanan was not one who cared to mould his features into inscrutable gravity, in order to hide his emotions. Naturally impulsive and passionate, an enthusiast from the force both of his disposition and education, he often expressed in his countenance the thoughts and feelings that arose within him more eloquently than words could convey them. And this lady happened to possess the art of reading faces; for feminine intuition, in her case, was aided by the force of experience and suffering. The expression she traced in the face of this young stranger showed that he pitied her with a kind and unaffected pity. But, with the haughty reserve of a proud spirit, she shrank from the touch of compassion; for in her heart pride seemed still to be stronger than sorrow.

So the coach rumbled along, under the stars; and the three passengers—one buried in the depths of a drunken sleep, the two

others watching, by the uncertain light of the oil-lamp that dimly gleamed in upon them, the changing shadows that flitted over each other's faces—remained profoundly silent.

After a long interval, Charles ventured to break this painful silence by a commonplace remark. "We must be very near Kilkenny by this time."

"Indeed! I am very glad we have got so far. We can get out there."

"*You* do not stop at Kilkenny?" he said, with an inquiring look.

"Unfortunately, no," she returned; "we must go further south. We formerly lived in the County Cork; now we live in Clonmel." This last piece of information was given after a pause.

"I understood from some expressions of the squire, here—I presume he is your husband, madam?—"

She smiled sadly; and then, nodding slightly, said: "Yes, he *is* my husband."

"I understood that you were friends of Sir Annesley Moore." He regretted, the next moment, that he had referred to this subject; for the lady's pale face seemed to grow even paler, and Charles perceived that she was endeavouring to wrap herself more closely in a cloak of reserve. But, as she watched the face of the young man, in which she could read nothing but unpretending kindness and frank generosity, she softened, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"I am sure, sir, you can understand my feelings," she said; "this man is my husband, and Sir Annesley Moore is my brother."

"Ah!" exclaimed Charles, "I can understand your feelings thoroughly, madam. Pray excuse my curiosity. Circumstances have brought us together, and—it is rather painful." Here the squire shook his fist, with a fierce air, in his sleep, and muttered some terrible threat against somebody whose name was inaudible. To embarrass the situation the more, the coach and the horses seemed to conspire against the passengers' peace; for, as the old vehicle happened to jolt against some obstacle on the road, and as the beasts, touched by the coachman's whip, began to rear incontinently, the unconscious squire was flung upon Charles's knees, where he lay for a few seconds, muttering and snorting: "I am not hit, I say! 'tis only a graze—take me up, somebody!" Such were the wild expressions that passed from the lips of the drunken sleeper.

Charles was in the act of lifting him up, while the lady herself rose in nervous excitement from her seat, when the guard appeared at the window, which he lifted, and in a loud voice shouted: "Kilkenny!"

The squire woke up suddenly, and stared around him with a

bewildered air. Then Charles, rising, allowed the lady to pass out before him, and helped his drunken fellow-traveller out of the coach.

It was the custom to wait at Kilkenny for half-an-hour, to enable the travellers to get some refreshment, and also to collect any fresh passengers that might be going to Cork or any of the intermediate post-towns. When Charles resumed his seat in the mail-coach, he found that his two fellow-travellers had not returned, but that two others had taken their places. The two fresh passengers were evidently of a different class—a pair of farmers from the County Cork—hale, jovial-looking fellows, clad in strong frieze coats and knee-breeches. They were both talking, in a rich southern brogue, of the very subject on which his thoughts were just wandering.

"Did you ever see the likes of it, Phil?" said the taller and burlier of the two.

"Never," returned the other; "he's going to the bad intirely of late."

"What a life the poor lady must be lading, God help her! with such a bla'guard of a husband!" exclaimed the big farmer. "But why did she ever run away with him?—that's what kills me."

"How many years is it now, Mick, since that occurred?" asked the other, suddenly.

"Oh, she was a mere girl thin, you know, Phil," said the big farmer, with a contemplative air; "a mere slip of a thing—that's all. Let me think, now. Well, I'd say 'tis about twinty year ago, bedad."

"Twinty year ago! Is it, though, Mick? Well, how Sir Annesley foamed whin he heered it! I'm tould he swore he'd never speak to her agin."

"Well, bedad, that *was* hard," said the big farmer. "They say the squire was a gay man, thin. They used to ride out together after the hounds, you see—the squire an' Miss Julia; an' they all say 'twas a love match."

"But, man alive," said the smaller farmer, shaking his right hand argumentatively, "a 'squireen' was no match for a Moore. What was he but a poor man's son, who got whatever he had—an' 'tis all spent now—from that ould screw of an agint, his uncle. A bullet did for him, at any rate. Ah, don't be talking!" he added, as if his discourse had been interrupted, "the blood wasn't there."

A light seemed to dawn on Charles Callanan's mind. From the discussion which took place between these two genealogists—and nowhere could be found greater enthusiasts about genealogy than amongst the Irish peasantry half-a-century ago—he learned that the poor lady with the pale face had eloped with this reckless "squireen," and had thereby incurred the lasting displeasure of her proud brother and his family.

The coach was just about to start for Clonmel, but still his former companions did not put in an appearance.

The guard's face at the window again. "I suppose you are not very sorry to lose them, sir?"

"To lose whom?"

"Squire Donovan and his lady. They are forced to remain at Kilkenny till to-morrow. The squire is 'a bad case'—by which he meant to convey that the worthy "squireen" had arrived at the final stage of intoxication since their arrival in Kilkenny.

Once more the horses reared, and the coachman cracked his whip with the usual professional shout, and the coach rattled onward under the stars. At length it arrived in the old town of Clonmel, as the first grey streaks of dawn were beginning to appear. A delay of twenty minutes; then the old vehicle again rumbled along over the dreary road.

By this time the two farmers have fallen asleep. There surely must be a soporific power in the atmosphere, as the coach itself seems to be falling into a sleep, for the vehicle sometimes staggers and splutters most disagreeably. Presently we are all asleep, jogging along under the glimmering dawn, and we are borne onward in a bewildered, semi-conscious state of trance or dream, in which the amiable squire re-appears, dragging his lady-wife by the hair, and threatening to flog her to death with a riding-whip. Then the guard interposes, and the squire tumbles out of the coach; then the big farmer drags him in again, mangled and bleeding; then the guard falls through the roof; then the car rolls over a heap of stones and into a ditch, and we are found lying dead in the ditch by our dear friend, Frank Moore; then——

Waking-up with a shock, we find that the mail-coach has at last reached its destination. The day is already old. In an exceedingly tired and sleepy condition, Charles Callanan finds himself in Cork and at home.

CHAPTER III.

MR. VINCENT CALLANAN was one of those persons whom the commercial tyro would be taught to look up to and reverence as the type of the successful man of business. About thirty years before the time when this narrative opens, he had entered the city of Cork a young and penniless adventurer, and, having unsuccessfully offered his services in many departments of commerce, at length found employment as clerk to Mr. Cornelius Delany, a broker whose calligraphy was not equal to his extensive business transactions. Callanan wrote an excellent hand, was quite a proficient in arithmetic, and showed an uncommon aptitude for mercantile pursuits. He had only been five years in the

employment of the worthy broker, when the profits of the business were found to have vastly increased. The result was that "Corney Delany," as he was generally called by his fellow-townsmen, in a moment of enthusiasm, offered Callanan a share in the business, provided he agreed "under his hand" (as the worthy Corney put it) to remain with him at least five years longer. Our young commercial adventurer readily agreed to comply with this condition; and ere the partnership had lasted twelve months, he had wooed and won the only daughter of his quondam employer—a young lady who, in spite of the commercial atmosphere in which she had been brought up, looked upon life from a very romantic standpoint (arrived at through the constant perusal of Richardson's novels and Mrs. Radcliffe's weird productions), and regarding Callanan as another Dick Whittington, bestowed upon him so many sentimental marks of favour that he laid siege to her maiden heart, and, finding no resistance, obtained her father's consent to their marriage. Whether Mr. Vincent Callanan ever regarded marriage from a romantic point of view may perhaps be seen in the sequel. Twelve months after this union, Corney Delany departed from the commercial world altogether, for—let us hope—a more ethereal sphere; and by his will bequeathed all he possessed—save a few trifling legacies for the benefit of his maiden sisters—to Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Callanan. Callanan was regarded by many as a lucky man, by others as a cunning legacy-hunter; but by those wiseacres who looked upon commerce as the basis of all morality, and money as the test of all worth, he was spoken of as a most respectable man. The opinions of others, indeed, seemed to have very little effect on the mind of Mr. Vincent Callanan, except so far as they affected his commercial reputation. He had two children, a boy and a girl; and while he had always shown himself on the whole a considerate father, he had never spoken to either of them, since first they were capable of comprehending anything around them, upon any subject but the all-importance of money and the worthlessness of everything else. The children received whatever religious teaching they got from their mother, who, under the influence of her husband's domineering will, had become a strange mixture of sanctimonious strictness and moral weakness. In reality she was one of those whose puny minds are not formed for any practical efforts—one of those whose native feebleness of character may be imperfectly sustained by judicious kindness, but is only warped by hardness into mere imbecility.

But Mr. Vincent Callanan had no time to infuse moral energy into weak natures or to kindle faint hearts with the fire of sympathy. He had been often heard to declare that there was nothing on earth more useful than money; it was the Archimedean fulcrum that moved the world. To accumulate money, therefore, became the great object of his life. His observations

seemed to confirm the truth of his theory. He saw that the most opposite varieties of men seemed to be all desirous of growing rich. When he heard enthusiastic persons make professions of indifference to wealth, and call it "filthy lucre," he suggested that they were either hypocrites or madmen. Thus he seemed to become impregnated with a passionate love of money; and even his affections exhibited themselves in a pecuniary form. The value of the gift which he bestowed upon his son, on the anniversary of his birthday, seemed to be the exact measure of his feelings. Kind words he regarded as vain pretences. He wanted no man's friendship unless it could enable him to accumulate money the faster. And it must be confessed that, however selfish and sordid such views of life may appear, Mr. Vincent Callanan seemed to have found in his commercial success a sense of satisfaction almost as great as anything we call happiness on earth. He found himself, only a few years after his old partner's death, the owner of many thousands of pounds; and considering this amount a paltry sum when measured by his heart's desires, he invested his money in everything by which a profit could be made—Government securities, bank shares, mortgages, and loans at heavy interest. It must be observed that, in those days, joint-stock companies were in embryo, and that railways only existed in the dreams of scientific enthusiasts. But, making all due allowance for the limited resources afforded by the time and the country (whose commercial life was then, in many ways, rather depressed), Mr. Vincent Callanan succeeded in adding considerably to his wealth. He was now regarded as one of the foremost commercial men in the city of Cork. He did not aspire to the distinction of being an alderman; indeed he always professed to despise all honours to which no emolument was attached. He did not pretend to believe in either gratuitous patriotism or unremunerated benevolence. Indeed he was quite consistent in his theory of life. He laid it down as his invariable rule "to give nothing for nothing," and was exceedingly literal in his interpretation of this gospel. It may be asked, whether Mr. Vincent Callanan ever aided charitable undertakings? It cannot be denied that he was known to have occasionally done so; but he always calculated the amount of profit which a donation would bring himself in the shape of custom and credit, and thus he always made five per cent. by his charitable investments. He had educated his children as well, if not better, than the sons and daughters of the gentry; and he seemed determined to establish such a position for himself that Aristocracy itself should level down to his own sphere, and acknowledge the ability of the man whose energy and enterprise had made him the equal of "the lords of the soil."

Whether Mr. Vincent Callanan's children were anxious to co-operate with him in this scheme of aggrandizement remains to be

seen. The son, Charles, a dreamer and book-worm, rather than a practical man, had only just emerged from the halls of a University, and had, as yet, no experience in the school of life. The daughter, Ellie, was a fragile creature endowed with her mother's physical weakness; indeed she had lately become almost a confirmed invalid: but from her decision of character and independence of spirit, it might be fairly inferred that she inherited some of her father's strength of will.

As if to show that the sphere in which he had attained his success had associations too precious for him to allow his family to condemn it, Mr. Vincent Callanan had not followed the example of other merchants, who purchased villas for their families outside the city. Where his wealth had been acquired, where the triumphs of his commercial career had been achieved, his family need not be ashamed to dwell. Accordingly, he improved the old house of the broker, and adorned it with everything that taste could suggest or money procure. Here it was that Charles and his sister had passed their lives, in that sweet boy-and-girl intercourse, which is, after all, perhaps the healthiest and purest allowed to mortals in this sad world; here it was that Mrs. Callanan had moped away her valetudinarian existence; and here it was that Mr. Vincent Callanan had, for well-nigh a quarter of a century, managed his business and his household on the strictest commercial principles.

Let us now follow Charles Callanan to the home whose moral and material condition was thus fashioned by his father's unbending will.

When he arrived in Cork, after his adventurous journey in the mail-coach, Charles felt completely fagged. His mother and sister came forward eagerly to receive him, but his sleepy condition seemed to throw a cloud over his affections, for he saluted them both in a semi-conscious and highly unreal fashion. Mr. Vincent Callanan being engaged in his "sanctum sanctorum," a small office into which nobody, save a confidential clerk, was ever permitted to enter, Charles observed to his mother that she need not disturb his father's privacy, as they would all meet at dinner, and that in the meantime he should have recourse to "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." He scarcely observed the fried bacon and eggs, and the fragrant coffee which were laid before him. He swallowed some food automatically; and, apparently in a condition bordering on somnambulism, he staggered off to his bed-chamber, and sweeping off his clothes, tumbled into bed.

It was only in the evening, when, after enjoying a long and refreshing sleep and indulging in the luxury of a bath, he came down-stairs, that he fully realized the fact of his being at home. His father met him just before dinner, and shaking hands with him in a very business-like manner, said—

"So you have come home, Charles. I hope your health has not been impaired by your books."

Mr. Callanan was a man rather above the middle height, with features even darker than those of his son, and black hair and whiskers. There was generally a sleepy look in his eyes; but sometimes, under the influence of some unusual excitement, they were lit up with a kind of fierce light. His mouth was firm and compressed, and seemed to indicate strong self-restraint. A keen physiognomist might, perhaps, have traced in his features intense mental energy and indomitable will, but might have found it hard indeed to discover the master-passion of this man's gloomy soul.

"I can assure you, sir," said Charles, in answer to his father's question, "I felt exceedingly tired, after my journey in that eccentric mail-coach. Otherwise my health is in no way impaired, I believe."

"Eccentric mail-coach!" Mr. Callanan repeated. "What do you mean, Charles? I really cannot see the force of such an expression."

"Well, a vehicle which seems to travel in a kind of ellipse or parabola might perhaps, without much exaggeration, be described as 'eccentric,'" Charles returned, with a smile at his father's literality. "Besides, you must know, sir, I met some very eccentric persons—at least *one* very eccentric person—travelling in it on this occasion."

"Oh! for that matter, the world is full of eccentric persons," said his father, without the slightest show of interest. "It is, in my opinion, a mere waste of time to speculate on every odd individual you meet."

"But do tell us, Charley," cried Ellie Callanan—an interesting girl of eighteen summers, on whose face the hectic flush of consumption threw its sickly lustre as she spoke—"do tell us something about your adventures."

Charles looked, first, at his father, whose impassive countenance seemed to betoken either indifference or abstraction; then turning towards his sister, he asked:—

"Have you ever heard of Squire Donovan, Ellie?"

"No," replied the girl, quickly.

Mr. Callanan looked up, as if he had been suddenly roused by the last words. "Squire Donovan! oh, yes; I know him."

"Do you really, father?" asked Charles, with some curiosity. "Well, I must say, I never met a stranger character. He seems to be a most unmanageable person—a regular 'fire-eater,' and evidently a hard drinker."

"I met him once in the course of business," said Mr. Callanan slowly. "He is an utterly worthless creature, in my opinion."

"His wife was with him travelling from Dublin," Charles observed—"a very interesting lady."

"Very interesting lady," echoed Mr. Callanan—"rather an ornamental style of talking. Those are more of your new-fangled

expressions, Charles. You surely don't mean that this lady concerned our interests in any way?"

"Oh! really, sir, you seem to me to take too narrow a view of things," said the young man, rather annoyed by his father's strictures.

Mr. Callanan cast a stern look at his son. "I hope you don't intend to dictate to me," he said, in a tone of severity; "I am too old for that. Besides, you know nothing of the world as yet."

"I wish to take men as I find them, and esteem them for their good qualities, not for their profitableness," Charles warmly returned.

"Oh! I see. So you have begun to think for yourself, Charles, since I saw you last!"

"Surely, that is what you should desire, father?" said the young man, in a tone which, with any other, would be really persuasive.

"But you must *reflect* and *calculate*, not *dream* and *mope*, like your mother there," returned Mr. Callanan, who evidently wished to make his son see everything around him through the mental microscope he used himself.

Apparently, indeed, there was a marked difference between father and son; the father, a man of strong will and practical power, seemed to recognise no earthly object as worthy of ambition save individual gain; the son, with little experience of what is called "the world," but far greater intuition and far wider sympathies, strove to direct his mind by the supernatural light of truth. A moralist would probably say that the root of the father's ethical creed was worldliness, and that the son's philosophy of life was based upon disinterested kindness. The son felt, in the depths of his heart, the truth of the fine old adage which tells us that virtue is its own reward; whereas the father seemed to consider all actions vain which did not meet with an earthly recompense. But moralists are sometimes superficial students of character.

"I am sorry you think so ill of my mother, sir," said Charles, in reply to his father's last observation. "She taught me many good things."

Mrs. Callanan, on hearing these words, burst into tears, which she usually did whenever the slightest demand was made upon her sympathy, and, with impulsive fondness, rushed over to the place where her son sat, and kissed him in a childish fashion, as if he were an overgrown male baby.

"What ridiculous stuff all this is!" cried Mr. Callanan, contemptuously. "I am afraid, Charles, you have not much *head*, after all."

"I am not so sure of that, papa," said Ellie, with an incredulous little laugh. "But, at any rate, I think *heart* is better than *head*."

"Oh! that's one of your stupid school-girl notions," returned

her father, in a tone that was intended to be rather conciliatory than otherwise. "But, indeed, it is idle to argue with persons who are full of sickly sentiment."

"But if you discard sentiment altogether," Charles observed, gravely, "you weaken some of the barriers of virtue."

"For the life of me I can't understand what you mean, Charles," replied Mr. Callanan, with the faintest shadow of a smile. "But this much is plain to me, that you have rambled away altogether from your mail-coach experiences." Herein it may be observed that Mr. Callanan acted like a skilful driver who turns a timid horse with ingenious dexterity, when the animal is in danger of falling or shying at some disagreeable obstacle. It was not often that Mr. Callanan exercised this faculty he possessed of leading erratic conversation into smooth channels, and in the present instance his efforts were completely successful, for Charles quietly resumed his account of the journey in the mail-coach, and at last got a patient hearing.

He did not sentimentalize much over Mrs. Donovan's sorrows; he felt that it was safer, in his father's presence, to give the bare details. Yet both his mother and sister seemed to be moved at the story. "How sad it is to see a lady of high birth treated in such a brutal fashion!" Ellie exclaimed, when her brother had finished.

"It is sad; but I suppose it is the will of God, my dear," said Mrs. Callanan.

"Nonsense!" cried Mr. Callanan. "What is there in a woman of good birth, as it is called, that should save her from the troubles of life? She deserved to suffer, in my opinion. There is a retribution in it. She married a drunken brute; why should she complain of him now? She should have considered the consequences beforehand. But, indeed, all people of that class are good for nothing. They seem to be put into the world to do mischief."

Charles looked curiously at his father. There was a strange earnestness in the words themselves; but there was an intense, and even vindictive bitterness in the tone in which they were uttered.

"Yet we should have some sympathy with the sorrows of others," Charles suggested.

"I don't see the force of that," returned his father, with a sardonic smile. "Our feelings are not made to be wasted on idle sentiment any more than the goods of this world." The remark was correct, but the spirit that indicated it was false. After this a blank silence ensued, and the conversation soon waned.

Very soon after dinner, Mr. Callanan, who never abandoned his business habits, retired to his office. When he had left the room, Mrs. Callanan said: "Charles, I did not wish to speak of the matter while your father was here, but it has troubled me very much."

"What is it?" Charles inquired, a little mystified by his mother's words.

"You know, Charles, my nerves are quite shattered; and, I fear, Ellie is not very strong. I do so wish to see Doctor Colgan."

"Then let us take a walk down the Mardyke, mother, and we can drop in to see him when we are passing."

"Shall we go, then, immediately?" asked Ellie, rising as if to leave the room.

"Oh! yes, let us go now, while we have time," cried Mrs. Callanan, with nervous impatience. "I wish so much to see the doctor."

Accordingly, the two ladies hastened to prepare themselves for the walk, which was also to serve the purpose of a visit to their medical adviser; and, accompanied by Charles, soon after left the house and proceeded in the direction of the Mardyke.

CHAPTER IV.

AT that time the Mardyke was the most fashionable promenade in the city. It was a fine avenue, almost a mile in length, with rows of trees on either side, through which the eye gazed on some pleasant vistas: green fields and picturesque-looking houses, that seemed a delightful blending of life and nature.

Along this handsome walk Charles sauntered, with his mother and sister. His sister, with her arm locked in his, almost overwhelmed him with questions on a variety of subjects; while his mother walked beside them, with an expressionless face, over which a sickly smile occasionally stole. Mrs. Callanan had never reflected whether young minds require to be formed; for her own mind, having been allowed to develop under the combined influence of unhealthy romance and coarse worldliness, was in too maudlin and infirm a state to have any strong influence on other people's nature or character. She was merely a good-natured automaton. The animation of her daughter, whose pale features were lit up by the fire of her nature and the liveliness of her fancy, was a strange contrast to her own spiritless languor.

"How glad I am you have come back!" exclaimed Ellie Callanan; "you must tell me everything that has happened since you went away—how long ago is it now? Five years, is it not?"

"Yes, I believe it is five years since I entered Trinity," replied Charles.

"How I should like to see Dublin!" cried the girl; "there are many things in it that one can see nowhere else in Ireland."

"I hope we shall travel soon," said Charles. "Papa may be induced to consent; and I am sure it would do you some good."

Meanwhile, don't grow melancholy at home. Youth should always be glad."

"Now, Charley, am I not to assume that you always talk like a mere visionary, if papa's logic be correct? According to him, young people should learn to despise their own emotions."

Charles glanced thoughtfully at his sister as she spoke, and for a few minutes seemed lost in reflection.

"What are you thinking of now?" asked the girl, suddenly. "Do you believe papa's doctrine is right?"

"Perhaps we do not understand him," said the young man, gravely. "I am sure he does everything with the best intentions."

Here Mrs. Callanan laughed, and blushed with a sentimental air, as if a compliment had been paid to herself.

"You are quite right there, Charles," she said: "neither of you can understand your father properly. He is a very superior man."

"Oh, mamma!" cried Ellie naively, "papa is not so romantic as you are. He never reads Mrs. Radcliffe, and does not believe in Sir Charles Grandison."

"That's because he is a man of business," Mrs. Callanan gravely replied.

"So was Dick Whittington, mamma, and he was a very romantic character," said Ellie, demurely.

"Nonsense, child!" said the elder lady, who always made a vain effort to assert her parental dignity whenever her weaknesses were too much exposed. It must be observed that Ellie was too much attached to her mother to laugh at her follies in an ill-natured spirit.

Charles watched the changing hues of his sister's countenance as she spoke, and observed that, after this temporary outburst of animal spirits, an unhealthy pallor settled on her features. Inherited delicacy of frame seemed to weigh down upon the girl's ardent nature and strenuous will.

"You are looking pale, Ellie," said the young man, after a short pause. "Perhaps we had better walk more slowly. A few minutes' walk will bring us to Dr. Colgan's."

"I sometimes feel a strange lassitude," said Ellie, dreamily, "as if I were going to faint; then, something within me seems to lift me up, and I feel strong again."

Charles perceived the truth of this simple description. Body and soul were struggling in deadly conflict; and it was only the potency of the girl's spirit that sustained her feeble frame.

"We must see what Dr. Colgan says," said her brother. "I think change of air would be a real benefit both to yourself and mamma. By-the-bye, I have myself received an invitation to spend a few weeks in the country."

"Where? from whom?" asked Ellie, with sudden interest.

"You have heard me speak of my friend, Frank Moore?"

"Oh! yes; you have often mentioned him to me in your letters."

"He asked me, before I left Dublin, to go down and spend a few weeks at Moore's Court."

"How delightful!" cried Ellie, with enthusiasm. "Oh, surely you will go?"

"We don't know these Moores—do we?" said Mrs. Callanan.

"I knew Frank Moore at college," returned Charles, glancing at his mother, who seemed to grasp this fact for the first time; "and indeed he extracted a kind of promise from me; but"—Here he hesitated; and his sister, with intuitive quickness of perception, exclaimed—

"Oh! I know what troubles you. You are afraid papa will raise some objection."

"You have guessed rightly," said Charles, with a smile. "I intend to speak to him about the matter to-night."

"Oh, here we are at Dr. Colgan's!" cried Ellie. "Do you know him, Charles? Such a queer old man."

"No; but I shall have the pleasure of making his acquaintance presently, I suppose." As he spoke they approached the Doctor's residence: a large, pretentious mansion, picturesquely situated at the end of the Mardyke.

Charles knocked at the door, which was presently opened by the Doctor's buxom housekeeper, who gave instant admittance to the visitors. Charles asked her whether the Doctor was engaged. "No," she said, "he is in the library; and I believe you can see him there." She led the way up a wide, handsome-looking stairs, into a small room at the left-hand side, in which they discovered, on entering, an old gentleman seated at a table, engaged in reading an old volume with a comic illustration on the page that lay open, and also in discussing a large tumbler of punch. The old gentleman, apparently a little disconcerted—for perhaps he felt that his situation was not quite consistent with his professional dignity—rose from his seat, and presented the appearance of a large, ungainly man, wearing an immense wig, turned rather awry, and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles rather awkwardly adjusted over his nose.

Doctor Augustine Colgan was one of those old physicians who contrived to grow rich without troubling their heads very much about the relative merits of allopathy and homœopathy. He had come to Cork, many years before, a poor and almost utterly unknown young doctor, having vegetated during the earlier years of his professional career in some country district not far from Bantry. But, by a fortunate combination of circumstances, he soon grew so rich as to excite the envy of some of his professional brethren. He had, in addition to his practice as a surgeon, opened business as an apothecary, which his former apprenticeship to a country practitioner enabled him to do; but he added to the sale of drugs and the practice of surgery, a far more lucrative source of income, by marrying in his fiftieth year

a very rich old lady, who had hitherto lived a life of discontented celibacy. Whether Dr. Colgan would ever have attained to the high reputation of a Jenner or a Gull, had he depended solely on his professional ability, may fairly be doubted; but certain it is that, now at what may fairly be called the close of his career—for his years were already considerably more than the three-score-and-ten, supposed to be the normal duration of modern life—he had amassed a very large fortune. The Doctor was rather a favourite in society, though he was regarded by most people rather as an original than a man of genius. He never neglected an opportunity of displaying his learning. He would talk on any subject under the sun, and maintain his own infallibility even on the most doubtful questions. It seems that some of his medical brethren had found him so obstinate in cases where a number of opinions had to be consulted, that they were forced, for the sake of harmony, to acknowledge his wisdom, at least in his own presence; while others, who loved to preserve a kind of neutrality on all physiological problems, were won over to his side by his daring self-assertion. In his domestic contentions, however, if rumour spoke truly, Doctor Colgan did not find himself so often victorious; for his wife—an old lady, seldom seen out-of-doors, as she was bereft of all power of locomotion, and was therefore driven about in a closed carriage, but reported to be of fabulous age and uncontrollable temper—was accustomed to pour vials of wrath on the head of her lord and master. The poor Doctor was known to have described his fate to some confidential friends in the form of an allegory, telling them that he was like Prometheus, who, after he had drawn fire down from heaven, was chained to a rock, and had his liver gradually gnawed away by a vulture. To those who sought to learn the hidden meaning of this figurative language, the worthy physician refused any further explanation; but the initiated knew well that the Doctor's Promethean fire was nothing else than his money, which he vainly thought to enjoy, when he found himself chained to the rock of Matrimony, and his digestion very much impaired by the gnawing tongue of his peevish consort. It was probably owing to this skeleton in the domestic closet, that Doctor Colgan had found it necessary, of late, to indulge in an unusual quantity of stimulants to sustain his animal spirits.

Doctor Colgan was well acquainted with Mrs. Callanan and her daughter; but he had only heard of Charles from the lips of others as a promising young student. As he always took care to form his own judgment of other men's abilities by his individual observation, even though they might have gained a world-wide fame, or reached the loftiest heights of literature or science, it is no wonder that he soon began to apply his philosophic test to Charles Callanan.

"Good-morrow to ye all—or rather, good-evening!" cried the

Doctor, in his usual voice, which was a hollow roar that sent back a loud reverberation, and yet, strange to say, had a dull, inarticulate effect on the ear.

Having shaken hands with all three, he shouted :—"Come, my friends, sit down! Let's have no ceremony, if 'tis agreeable to the ladies."

"Oh! don't mention it, Doctor," said Ellie, with difficulty restraining a tendency to laugh. The Doctor, whose observation in some things was rather keen, quickly perceived her sense of the ridiculous.

"Come here to me, little one," said he, glancing shrewdly at her through his spectacles. "Oh, you wicked rogue!" he cried, pinching her cheek playfully, "laugh as much as you can; and, if you *can* always laugh, you'll never die. That's my prescription for you." Here he sighed and shook his head after the manner of Falstaff. "Ah! what's money, after all?" he exclaimed—"nothing—nothing, unless you can enjoy it properly. Youth, beauty, agreeableness—those are the things to touch the heart. Yes, I assure you, Mrs. Callanan," he added, eyeing that lady with a kind of comic pathos, "I regret, I deeply regret—God forgive me my sins!—that I did not marry a young wife."

Charles Callanan looked on in sheer astonishment, while the Doctor—perhaps rendered rashly confidential under the influence of strong punch—gave expression to his discontent.

"I think your regret is very unpractical, Doctor," said Charles, with a smile.

The sound of a strange voice aroused the Doctor from his abstraction, his sense of hearing being quite unimpaired by age. "Never mind, my young friend," he said, addressing Charles with an air of solemnity; "the world is all before you yet. Do you think you can read the book of life before you have turned over half its pages? You can only learn by sad experience; and you're an ass if you imagine that you can baffle fate. I know it, my boy. What does Horace say?—you are a classical scholar, I presume?—

'Eheu, fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni: nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectæ
Afferet, indomitæque morti.'

The Doctor delivered these words with a deep Gregorian intonation, which was rather new to Charles's ears.

"Come, young sir, I believe you are a linguist," he went on, with the air of a self-sufficient pedagogue; "translate that passage for me into good prose or verse—*construe, Domine!*"

"Really, Doctor, this is unexpected," returned Charles, with a feeling that the situation was becoming a little ridiculous: "I remember the ode you refer to very well. It is a very beautiful poem."

"Beautiful poem!" cried the Doctor, disdainfully; "how the deuce are we to know that till we hear what the poet is *at*?—eh, ladies? Is this the way you've been taught at college?"

"Well, I think the sense of the passage you have just quoted, Doctor, is that the years are rapidly gliding away, and that even virtue can't save us from the approach of old age and death."

"That's a very loose version," observed Doctor Colgan, learnedly shaking his head. "I could give you a much better one myself in verse, and with a touch of the vernacular in it too. Now, listen: here's an original translation:—

'Ochone, Postumius! the years are flying;
Wrinkles and trouble are wearing us fast;
Where's the good of life, when we're always dying?
The green sod must cover us all at last.'

Now, is there a man in all Ireland could render it better than that?"

The Doctor's effort was greeted with an irrepressible burst of laughter from both Charles and his sister. The unction with which he repeated his own attempt at translation, and the gurgling sound of his voice as he delivered it, added to the absurdity of the scene.

"Ah! my young friend," said he, with a patronizing wave of the hand towards Charles, "you might go through the curriculum of a University, and yet find a man that never went to college to teach you a trifle—that's myself; though 'tisn't I should say it. I was grounded by one of the great old Homeric scholars of this country—Daniel O'Flannigan, if you ever heard of him. Why, man, I put down fellows of Trinity in my day. There was a time when I could repeat Homer and Virgil for you like a 'Reading-made-Easy.' But I'm getting old now, you see. Would you be surprised to hear that I went through the 'Republic' of Plato and the 'Poetics' of Aristotle in my time—ay, and Dionysius Laertius, into the bargain?"

"I perceive your classical education was not neglected, Doctor," replied Charles, laughing; "but might it not be possible that in your time the *memory* was over-cultivated, and the *understanding* allowed to grow barren?"

"Understanding!" echoed the Doctor—"now don't talk nonsense to me, my dear young friend. What's understanding? *Intelligentia*—*comprehensio*—*intellectus*: aren't these the synonymous equivalents in the old language? And what's the force of *intelligentia*?—'perspicuity,' isn't it? And what's the meaning of *comprehensio*?—'grasp of intellect,' isn't it? And what does the term *intellectus* imply? why, 'the thinking faculty,' of course. In a word, don't they all mean 'brains?' And do you mean to tell me that we had no brains in my time? I must say this is a little presumptuous on your part, young man. But, if you like to remain and have a bumper of punch with me, when the ladies are

gone, I'll undertake to *sack* you; and I'll give you every fair play."

"Many thanks, Doctor, but we must be going immediately," said Charles. "My mother and sister are in a hurry, I believe, and I must accompany them."

Indeed the ladies had listened to the Doctor's extraordinary display of learning with some bewilderment.

"Well, I'm sorry we can't continue the discussion," returned the pedantic old physician. "I never give way to an opponent. My motto is '*non omnis moriar*—never say die!'"

"But I fancy that is not the force of Horace's words, Doctor—does he not rather refer to his hope of gaining immortality by his writings?"

"Who spoke of Horace?" asked Dr. Colgan, rather impatiently.

"The words you have just quoted are the words of Horace."

"Oh, indeed! but mightn't they have a thousand other meanings?" the Doctor retorted. "You don't mean to say you know what was in a man's mind nearly two thousand years ago?"

Charles smiled. "I see, Doctor," said he, "you wish, like Rousseau's philosopher, '*de nier ce qui est et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas*.'"

Miss Callanan giggled, for the passage seemed strongly applicable to the Doctor's inconsistent pedantry. The worthy physician himself, who had never been taught French pronunciation, having gathered whatever he knew of the language from old books, opened his mouth and eyes in rather a bewildered manner. Indeed his knowledge consisted merely of a heterogeneous mass of classical references and ill-digested general information; and he was utterly unable to appreciate either the exuberant wit or playful fancy of the authors he loved to quote. However, his combative nature now came to his rescue, and he showed himself fully equal to the occasion.

"So you think I'm beaten by your bit of French?" he cried. "If you think yourself competent to beat me in languages—me, who wouldn't give way to the Provost of Trinity himself—I would say to you, in the words of Virgil—

'Ah, Corydon, Corydon, quæ te dementia cepit?'

in other words, 'what the devil ails you?'"

Charles felt that to continue a war of words with such an obstinate opponent would be an utter waste of time; and accordingly he adopted the good-natured policy of flattering the old physician's vanity.

"I am very happy, Doctor, to meet with a man of your erudition. We must be parting now, I suppose; but, of course, I shall see you again."

"Oh, my dear young friend," returned the Doctor, filling out a

fresh tumbler of punch, "you are too complimentary. Let me have the pleasure of drinking your very good health."

Doctor Colgan felt a little too elevated at the close of this scene to "dignose the ladies," as he himself phrased it; but having given Ellie Callanan some very general directions as to the medicine and regimen he wished her to use, he promised to call at Mr. Callanan's house in a few days. The old physician's gallantry exhibited itself forcibly when they were departing, for he squeezed Mrs. Callanan's hand until there was imminent danger of her going off into a fit of hysterics, and kissed the tips of fingers towards her daughter in a very Quixotic manner.

(To be continued.)

MONSEIGNEUR DUPANLOUP.

ANOTHER illustrious name has been added to the death-roll of contemporary celebrities. A grand and imposing figure has passed for ever from the crowded stage upon which men enact that drama, old as the world, and as full of incidents as there are human lives—the great drama of history. Those who were wont to regard with an interest proportionate to the importance of the issues involved in its rapidly-shifting scenes, the dramatic spectacle which French history has for well-nigh a century presented, will henceforth miss the familiar presence of one who, for a considerable portion of that period—a period filled with great names and great events—played therein a conspicuous part; who was one of the best known and most influential public men of his time, and, if republicanism had not for the moment replaced monarchism in the popular affections, and the secular policy of the age had not barred the way to political power for churchmen, might have been called

"To mould a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whisper of a throne;"

who, among the host of rarely-gifted men who made the epoch of the Catholic Renaissance resplendent with their fine genius, was perhaps the most successful in arresting and retaining the attention of a public oftenest hostile and unsympathetic, and at a time when Catholicism and patriotism not unfrequently seemed to confront each other as opposing forces, succeeded in grafting the patriot on the prelate, and proving to the world that love of the Church—the one thing great in Europe, as Montalembert called it—and that other great thing, nationality, are not incompatible; who entered with spirit into almost all the leading public questions of the day, and handled them with a breadth and grasp

of mind which exhibited a mastery of dialectics; the champion of every great and holy cause, the intrepid defender of the faith and of the rights and authority of the Holy See against the encroachments of the civil powers or the subversive doctrines of the revolutionists whom in the pulpit, the tribune, and the press he unceasingly and courageously combated; a pulpit orator who, if he was not *facile princeps* in an age that has heard Lacordaire and Ravignan, delivered orations enough in themselves to sustain the national prestige for sacred eloquence, one of the traditionary glories of the Church of France; a keen debater, in whom his political opponents in the Assembly found a foeman worthy of their best and brightest steel; a voluminous writer who, if his style has not the graphic vividness of Chateaubrian, the idiomatic individuality of Louis Veuillot, and the spontaneity and *entrain* of Montalembert, has scattered through the pages of some of his more carefully elaborated works passages of rare beauty of diction and loftiness of sentiment worthy of the classic period of French literature, when what he loved to call *le grand français* was cultivated by the pleiad of brilliant orators and writers from whom Louis Quatorze borrowed much of the lustre with which his name is associated; but, above all and before all, a bishop, cast in the masculine mould of the ages of strong faith, who wielded the crozier with a firm hand, a bishop after St. Paul's heart—vigilant, labouring in all things, doing the work of an evangelist, fulfilling the ministry—a grand sacerdotal soul of whom one* who never left him for twenty years, and who saw everything in that soul, has said, that his last appeal was for the Holy Father, his last pre-occupations for the impending struggles in which he would not have failed to have taken a prominent part and borne himself nobly.

In chill October, when Paris was still enjoying its *panem et circenses*, in the midst of the Babylonian confusion of tongues in the Champ-de-Mars, which synchronized not inappropriately with the confusion of ideas in an age so "sick about questions and strifes of words" as ours, Catholic France learned with surprise and sorrow that the great Bishop of Orleans was no more, and felt as soldiers must feel when, standing upon the breach, they see some brave general whom they had often followed into action only to come out victorious, suddenly struck down; while in distant Ireland, for whose famished poor the dead prelate had once so eloquently and pathetically pleaded, and for whose people he had always cherished a warm regard, as warmly reciprocated,

* His vicar-general, the Abbé Lagrange, author of a *History of St. Paulinus of Nola*, and who, it is expected, will write the life of the Bishop of Orleans, for which he is specially qualified. A life of Mgr. Dupanloup, by the Abbé A. Pougeois, curé-doyen of Moret-sur-Loing (Seine-et-Marne), and author of a large monumental *History of Pius IX., his Pontificate and his Age*, has been already written, is at press, and will be soon issued by Pougeois of Paris.



MONSEIGNEUR DUPANLOUP.

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the sad intelligence was received with deep and widespread grief: a grief intensified when the shadow of a great loss fell upon the land, and the two foremost Catholic nations in Europe were united in a common bond of sympathy and sorrow.

Felix Antoine Philibert Dupanloup was a native of that mountainous Savoy,* which gave to the Church one of the greatest of its modern doctors, and to literature one of the most brilliant and philosophical writers who ever strove to reverently read God's handwriting on the wall, in the profound teachings of history—St. Francis de Sales and Joseph de Maistre; that Savoy whose ambitious dukes intermarried with the Bourbons and the Paleologi, proudly called their country the guardian of the Alps, and themselves Kings of Cyprus, Jerusalem and Armenia, and whose House acquired a sinister renown in connection with the Popedom, long before its late crowned chief consummated the grand iniquity of the nineteenth century in laying sacrilegious hands on the Patrimony of Peter. If, as Byron says, "high mountains are a feeling," and inanimate nature has any share in those subtle influences that go to the formation of national or individual character, the stern grandeur and sublimity of the Alpine scenery, in the midst of which young Dupanloup grew up, and which he afterwards loved to re-visit, must have left their impress upon a mind more than ordinarily susceptible to the attractions of all that is grand, austere, or sublime; a mind, too, that was most at home in the breezy atmosphere of public discussion, which quickened and stimulated its faculties, like the keen, brisk mountain air of his native Savoy, and whose indefatigable intellectual activity kept pace with a physical elasticity that enabled him to cover acres of ground in his long walks on the banks of the Loire, by the sea-shore, or up the mountain sides, with the same facility with which his fluent pen traversed reams of paper.

This noisy, bustling century, destined to witness the birth of so many great men and great events, was only two years old when one of the choicest of its master-spirits, the son of an officer in the Sardinian army, was born, "in the dawning of the year," at Saint Felix, a small village lost to view amid the forests of Upper Savoy, which then formed part of the department of Mont Blanc, having, along with Nice, been incorporated with France in 1792, to once more revert to its hereditary masters, until it was ceded by Piedmont to Napoleon III. as the price of the conquest of Lombardy, in a war avowedly undertaken "for an idea." The Corsican eagle was then soaring into pride of place and power over the heads of the people, whose eyes were so dazzled with the brilliancy of his military genius and the consular magnificence of his surroundings—"prologues to the swelling act

* He did not become a naturalized French citizen until 1838.

of the Imperial theme"—that they did not perceive that the testamentary executor of the Revolution, as he called himself, was aspiring to an absolutism which was to eclipse the more than pagan pomp and splendour of the Grand Monarque. Dupanloup, to whom it was given to be brought into intimate association with so many remarkable personages whose names belong to history, saw the solemn entry of Maria Louisa into Paris—whither he was sent in 1810 by his maternal uncle, curé near Annecy, who first took him in hand and tried unsuccessfully to get him into a seminary in Savoy—and the year following witnessed the baptism of the feeble offspring of the Hapsburg alliance, whom they called "King of Rome." Having heard that the emperor, whose star had then reached its zenith, was going to hold a review in the Champ de Mars, the young Savoyard, anxious to see the extraordinary man upon whom, as Portalis said, the destinies of the world depended, and before whom the earth stood in awe, and who was described by Cambacérès, after the peace of Schönbrunn, when he inhabited Fontainebleau, as having "an air as if he were stalking about in the midst of his glory;" the young seminarist—at this time *en sixième* in a semi-lay, semi-ecclesiastical seminary, under the direction of the Abbé Teyssère, who was reviving the half-forgotten traditions of a classical and Christian education in an old hôtel in the Rue du Regard, one of the most retired quarters of the great city—escaped from his guardians, and, mingling with the crowd, succeeded in elbowing his way to the front rank alongside some old grenadiers, to see the *petit caporal*, magnified into a despotic sovereign, whose umbrageous majesty dominated the greater part of Europe, ride past amid a whirling cavalcade of generals and uniforms; then, the review over, stood his ground intrepidly, at the risk of being crushed under the horses' hoofs, and followed Napoleon all the way to the Tuileries. In 1818, after obtaining the lion's share of the academical prizes in the Rue du Regard, at the Abbé Poiloup's, and at the already celebrated catechetical courses of Saint Sulpice, which he simultaneously attended, he was transferred to the *petit séminaire* of Saint Nicholas-du-Chardonnet, where he first gave striking proof of his precocious powers. Before being admitted to the third forms, the young laureate was required to do ten exercises without committing a single blunder, every rule overlooked being equivalent to a solecism and three faults. Young Dupanloup, we are told, wrote with a sure hand the ten dreaded pages, which justly caused the twenty-four fellow-students who were to pass with him from the paternal government of the Abbé Teyssère under the sterner sceptre of M. Thavenet, to tremble. The twenty-four failed, but Dupanloup's papers were faultless. The hypercritical director, however, wished to see a fault where in reality there was only a misplaced elegance. The pupil had rendered *beaucoup de lait* by *plurima lactis copia*;

the master contended that it should have been *plurimum* as governing the genitive, and he was sent to rejoin the unsuccessful candidates in the fourth forms, until, a month after, M. Thavenet, who formed the strongest generation of humanists he had known, took him kindly by the hand, and said encouragingly: "*Mon ami à partir de demain, vous irez en troisième.*" The promotion was well merited, for he continued to occupy the first place in his class, and carry off all the prizes against competitors, who subsequently achieved no inconsiderable distinction—Fresse Montval, the littérateur; Thuillier, rector of the Academy of Toulouse; Michel, one of the last directors of the Ecole Normale, and several others. A few years after he was afforded another opportunity of showing the stuff that was in him, when a metrical translation into Latin of the fine passage in Chateaubriand, "*Il est un Dieu, tout le proclame dans la nature,*" &c., was called for. The first line of Dupanloup's translation:

"*Omnia plena Deo: quis te, Deus, esse negabit?*"

at once showed that he had thoroughly seized the sense and spirit of the original. At this time he thought of becoming an advocate, but his fellow-pupils, who had given him the cognomen of "the orator," were better prophets of a future definitely fixed by M. Menjaud, who died Archbishop of Bourges in 1861, and who was the providential medium of revealing to him the Divine will. "I understood I was to be a priest," said Dupanloup, "and as soon as I knew the will of God, I was seized with an indescribable joy. My life would have one consolation, one aim." "In the hour of adolescence, at that dawning of the soul when it awakens to life," says Henri de Riancey,* "God speaks to him; that nature, at once tender and impetuous, hears the secret and irresistible voice of grace which bows and captivates it. The young Samuel hears that ineffable language which makes the spirit of faith, sacrifice, proselytism and charity penetrate to his inmost veins. His vocation will neither be the thunder-clap of the road to Damascus, nor the ray of the *tolle, lege*; it will be the progressive expansion of a free and affectionate mind unfolding more and more under the sun of grace, as a hardy flower, planted in a propitious soil, carefully cultivated, sheltered from storms, vivified by the dew, grows, develops, colours, and gives forth its perfume in warm beams of light." From St. Nicholas's the young levite passed, in 1820, to St. Sulpice, where almost all the French episcopate have been trained, and where M. du Boys, Counsellor to the Court of Grenoble, defrayed the expenses of his education, spending his vacations with the Rohan family at their historic château of Roche Guyon, where the Abbé de Rohan,

* "*Célebrités Catholiques.*" Mgr. Dupanloup, par Henri de Riancey.

the future Cardinal-Archbishop of Besançon, gathered around him every year the *élite* of the Sulpiciens, of whom he strove to create a kind of sacred battalion in the militia of the sanctuary. M. Riancey dares affirm that it is in great part to the sojourns at Roche Guyon that the Church of France owes the Bishop of Orleans; it was there, at least, that this diamond received its final polish, for it was the Abbé de Rohan's aim to form his young friends not only to faith, piety, and charity, but also to letters, politeness, and high breeding. In Dupanloup the literary instinct was innate, and early disclosed itself. One summer, under the Restoration, when the young seminarist was only sixteen or seventeen, Lamartine, during a visit to the château, gave his hosts and their guests the first reading of a tragedy in five acts, into which he had thrown his whole soul, but whose *hardiesses* rather startled those who were accustomed to the old rules of dramatic composition, and to whom the eccentric sallies of the romantic school were not as yet familiar. The poet was entreated, in the interests of his reputation, to abandon the idea of publishing; to this he not only consented, but even undertook to destroy the work. Accordingly, the next morning, he took up the manuscript, which he had left on the drawing-room table the previous evening, and tore it up and threw it into the fire, declaring that it was the only copy he had. But young Dupanloup, who had been an eager listener and was charmed with the piece, had arisen during the night, crept softly downstairs, obtained possession of the manuscript, which he hurriedly and stealthily copied, and then restored to its place. The copy, it is said, still exists in the bishops' cabinet at Orleans, and that he spoke of it a few weeks before his death, intimating his intention of publishing it with the consent of the family.

It was towards the Christmas of 1825, in the seminary church "eternally dear to his heart," and where for years he was wont to pass the feast of the Nativity, that he received the imposition of hands from Mgr. Quélen, Archbishop of Paris, who had fostered his vocation, and by whom he was appointed curate at the Madeleine, where—as M. de Salvandy reminded him on the occasion of his reception at the Academy—he served, as catechist, an humble apprenticeship to sacred eloquence—an apprenticeship actually begun in the parish of Saint Sulpice before even being admitted to orders. The Abbé Dupanloup soon became one of the notabilities of the Paris clergy. His instructions in the Chapel Saint Hyacinthe were addressed to crowds of the aristocratic youth of the French capital, then thronged with Italian, Portuguese, and Polish *émigrés*. It was *de mode* in the Faubourg Saint-Germain to go and hear the Abbé Dupanloup's catechism. The catechist could count among his auditory the pious Marie Amélie, who went to hear him concealed in the crowd; the Princess Louise, afterwards Queen of the Belgians;

Princess Clementine, subsequently Duchess of Saxe-Coburg; Doña Maria, destined to wear the crown of Portugal; and the future Empress of Brazil, daughter of Don Pedro. He was received into the highest society; the *salons* of all the grand hôtels were thrown open to him; he became confessor to the young Duc de Bordeaux, the posthumous son of the Duc de Berry, now called the Comte de Chambord, whom the Legitimists expect will yet play a great part in history when the hour of France's regeneration shall have struck; was appointed catechist to the Orleans princes, and chaplain to the Duchesse d'Angoulême, Madame la Dauphine, daughter of Louis XVI. Still the young cleric was dissatisfied with himself. He afterwards confessed that at first he did not realize his mission. "The children listened to him," says M. Hairdet,* "as they would have listened to a beautiful melody, but they retained nothing. 'I was rhetorical,' said he, 'when it would have sufficed to have unfolded the truth.' It was afterwards he acquired that lucidity of explanation, brilliant elocution, and elevation of language, which have made him one of the greatest orators of our times." "He catechized in the palaces, he catechized in the churches, he catechized among the poor. Which of his pupils," asks Henri de Riancey, "will forget the Chapel of Saint Sulpice, the Chapel of the Assumption, and that Academy of Saint Hyacinthe, where he assembled, moved, and inflamed young fellows who are now men: the one, their faith preserved and saved; the others, their repentance recovered and regained—all their beliefs here and their hopes of immortality hereafter? Of those young academicians, titulars or aspirants, who drew from that pure and attractive source solid ideas of Christianity, who fortified themselves for public or private life, some have gone very different roads. Some have halted in the lower ranks; others pushed to the front; others, perhaps, been lost in the crowd. Some are in courts, on the steps of the throne, in exile, on seats of justice, in the pulpit; some are commanding armies, guiding squadrons, directing departments, honouring retreat and proscription. There are some everywhere. Well, wherever they are, even failed or fallen, not one will hear the Abbé Dupanloup's name with heart unmoved, without a tear of gratitude, remorse, or affection, moistening his eyelid. I don't know of any finer eulogium." The Catechisms of Saint Hyacinthe,† in which he was assisted by Père Pététot, afterwards Superior-General of the Oratorians, and M. Legrand, subsequently Vicar-General of Paris, formed a kind of connecting link between Frayssinous' conferences at Saint Sulpice—for the Abbé Dupanloup had known

* "Mgr. Dupanloup, Biographie et Souvenirs," par J. Hairdet, rédacteur de la *Défense*.

† A former disciple of the Bishop of Orleans has published a collection of the instructions, homilies, sermons, &c., delivered at the Madeleine from 1825 to 1835.

those eminent ecclesiastics, who, at the beginning of the century, were the heirs of the Church's past, the Frayssinous, Borderies, MacCarties, Forbin-Jansons, and Emerys—and the grand conferences at Notre Dame founded by Mgr. de Quélen. The Abbé Frayssinous was the first in France to inaugurate the apologetic teaching of religion from the pulpit; but, more discursive than eloquent, he had, as Lacordaire observes, stopped at the vestibule of the temple, and had not penetrated into the mysterious depths of Christian dogma. "Besides," adds the great Dominican, "another age separated us from his; he had spoken under a despotism which had not long tolerated even his exquisite prudence; we had to speak under the empire of liberty. By his age and his traditions he was a venerable image of the old French clergy; we personified an ardent, impassioned generation, asking of the Church that youthfulness of forms and ideas which was never incompatible with her immutable antiquity."* It was reserved to the Abbé Dupanloup to be the first to answer this special need of his time, when, on February 16th, 1834, he delivered from the pulpit of Notre Dame the first of those powerful discourses which have made a sceptical, scoffing age turn aside from the vain babbling of contemporary sophists to listen, with newly-awakened emotions of wonder and admiration, to doctrines preached by the great Christian apologists of the nineteenth century—the Lacordaires, Ravignans, and Felixes—as they were preached more than eighteen centuries before by the Apostle of the Gentiles from the steps of the Parthenon. Mgr. de Quélen, the historian of his life tells us, "had specially in view those young men who came with laudable motives to this immense city, sojourn at once of so many virtues and so many seductions, where the poison of doubt and unbelief is mingled with the treasures of knowledge youth is ambitious to acquire. It was for their sake he established during Lent a doctrinal Station on the fundamental truths of religion." The Abbé Dupanloup's reputation had preceded him, and he immediately attained, *per saltum*, an elevated position among sacred orators at an epoch when, to use the words of one of his panegyrists, France was astounded to learn that they were almost instantaneously multiplied in her midst. His oratorical method was not that of the seventeenth century—of his great predecessors who had Louis XIV. and the *beaux esprits* of the French Augustan age for listeners; but of a more modern epoch. As a preacher he has been classed with the school that loves the inevitable rigidity of the pulpi—an eloquence stately, correct, polished, but, at the same time, fluent, harmonious, *colorée*. His colleagues, when he was going to preach, used to say, "Allons entendre les *Magnifiques* de l'Abbé

* "Le Testament du P. Lacordaire," publié par le Comte de Montalembert.

Dupanloup." His principal discourses are the funeral orations on Père Ravignan, Mgr. Menjaud, Cardinal Altieri, General Lamoricière, and the Pontifical Zouaves who fell in defending the Holy See, and the two published panegyrics of Joan of Arc. It was fitting that the orator who opened the Conferences at Notre Dame, should speak the last farewell in presence of the remains of the eloquent Jesuit whom he preceded in the pulpit, and, as it were, introduced to a generation that had hung with rapt attention upon his words; and that touching valedictory discourse has been pronounced by competent critics to be a *chef d'œuvre* of its kind. But it was in discoursing to a French auditory of that gentle, angelic, heroic figure, unique and incomparable, to which no parallel can be found in history or poetry, and whose beauty surpasses the ideal itself—the martyred Maid of Orleans, who personified the two things nearest and dearest to his heart, faith and patriotism, the two forces that vitalize and energize a people—that he rose to the highest level of his powers as an orator. "In the love of God," says her panegyrist, "is concentrated and elevated every noble love. And among the noblest there is one that God has consecrated, that our Lord has felt, and with which the hearts of the saints have never ceased to beat—the love of country. Let us not think, gentlemen, that those two loves are antagonistic, and that we must elect between the duties of a Christian and those of a Frenchman. No, no; religion points the way to heaven, but it does not make us forget the dear native land here. Religion is only the harmonious concord of duties; and the more a saint comprehends what he owes to God, the more also he comprehends what he owes to men. That is why it was the love of France along with the love of God fired Joan of Arc. By her natural and supernatural qualities Joan of Arc is a flower of old France; daughter of the people—of that people of the fields, where, perhaps, the old national faith and virtues are best preserved—in her is concentrated true patriotism, unconquerable repulsion of the yoke of the stranger, generous enthusiasm for the honour and independence of the fatherland—in a word, in the day of peril, heroic love of her country, her king, the native soil, and the French." The severe candour of the historian is not lost sight of in the glowing phrases of the panegyrist, whose judgment upon the iniquitous mock-trial at Rouen is thus pithily summed up: "God permitted it; England ordered it; France allowed it; and a bishop did it." Indeed it would be hardly accurate to call them sermons or panegyrics, in the ordinary sense of the word. They are much more. The first, in which he unfolds those three grand elements, always found in every great undertaking for the glory of God and the salvation of peoples—inspiration, action, suffering—is a finished historical study, elaborated with consummate art, disclosing to us the heroic

virgin, radiant in the midst of the sombre atmosphere around her; although he simply calls it "a modest narrative, such as I have read it in the old French and foreign historians." The second, delivered nine years after, is a thoughtful study in hagiography, based on documents "of such authenticity that if the Church one day desired to decree to her memory the honours paid the saints, the process, if not completed, would, at least, be perfectly prepared beforehand." Instead of the national heroine lighting up a dark and degenerate age with the lustre of her more than masculine courage, shaming a weak and indolent prince into action, and fearlessly facing her cowardly accusers, we have the saintly shepherdess, for whom her panegyrist ambitioned a niche in the temple alongside St. Genevieve and the Blessed Germaine Cousin, displaying a sanctity of the purest brilliancy in the midst of licentious camp-life—a young girl of eighteen thrown among courtiers and warriors, and yet, far from tarnishing the flower of her innocence, preserving, according to a contemporary witness, all her native goodness, humility, virginity, devotion, honesty, and simplicity. It was a subject that possessed for Mgr. Dupanloup a peculiar fascination. "According as I advance in my course," says the aged prelate, with a touch of blended piety and pathos, "life, likening a declining day, is illumined by two or three rays from heavenly horizons, and those rays shine on the brow of Joan of Arc. I find in her all that I hold dear, even that name of Orleans which has become mine, since God, made me bishop of your souls. I love the simplicity of the fields in her origin, the chastity of her heart, her valour in combat, her love of the French fatherland, but, above all, her saintly life and death. In her I recognise the saint: along with the heroism of courage I wish to pay homage to the still higher heroism of virtue. I say, saint: you will, I hope, after you have heard this discourse, come to the conclusion that that name is not too great for her; and the Church itself, to whom alone it belongs to authentically declare her sanctity, will perhaps one day decide it for us." It is noteworthy, that among the most recent public acts of his episcopate was an appeal to Rome to open the cause of her canonization, in which he was joined by twelve of his venerated colleagues, and the institution at Orleans of the preliminary process required by the canons. Although the Church has postponed the solemn investigation of the claims of Joan of Arc to be raised to the honours of the altars, her devoted panegyrist and postulator of her cause has enabled France to discharge a debt of gratitude to her pure and inspiring memory, by restoring the ancient expiatory monument at Orleans, destroyed by the revolutionists, and erecting ten magnificent stained-glass windows* in the Cathedral, where she often

* The following are the subjects of the memorial windows, which, together with the expiatory monument, it is estimated will cost 150,000 francs: 1. Domrémy, valley of

knelt in prayer before and after the victory, and where the story of her blameless life and heroic deeds will henceforth be perpetuated from generation to generation, rekindling in the souls of her descendants the vital sparks of faith and patriotism which glowed so fervently in her breast, which made her what she was—a patriot and a martyr, and which have inspired the noble and eminently patriotic thought of glorifying the deliverer of France in the three predestined places where the Divine light beamed brightest upon her brow—Domrémy, Orleans and Rouen. It was at Orleans that honours were first paid to her memory; it was Orleans originated the annual commemorative processions and panegyrics which have kept her memory green in men's souls; and it is "Felix, Bishop of Orleans," who, of all her countless panegyrists, has most closely identified his name with her and with the cause of which she was the divinely-appointed defender.

Improvisation was a gift Mgr. Dupanloup possessed to a remarkable degree, and he not unfrequently utilized it in the pulpit. One day, during the Lent of 1834, when he was dining with the curé, a messenger abruptly announced that the priest who was to preach that night at Notre Dame was taken suddenly ill.

"Are there many persons in the church?" he asked.

"The church is full," was the reply.

"Very well, I'll replace him."

"But the subject was announced yesterday," objected the messenger.

"Reason the more to give me the points to be treated."

Ten minutes after he was in the pulpit, and, it is said, he was never more eloquent. Indeed it has been remarked, that he was always best when he improvised. By the advice of two senators of the Right, he wrote his last speech to the Senate, and was much less effective than if, instead of reading it—he was then very short-sighted—he had improvised from the tribune. His well-stored mind was such an inexhaustible treasure of knowledge, adapted to every great question of the hour, questions, many of which he had taken so much to heart, and so thought out as to make them his own, that he was fully equal to any

the Meuse; Joan of Arc's house and garden; the church; first voices from heaven. 2. Vaucouleurs; Joan, accompanied by peasants, parting from John of Metz; the Sire de Baudricourt. 3. Chinon; Joan presents herself to Charles XII. in the midst of his court. 4. Entry of Joan into Orleans; she approaches the Cathedral, followed by the whole people. 5. Taking of Tourmelles and deliverance of Orleans. 6. Joan returning thanks to God in the Cathedral. 7. Coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims. 8. Joan taken at Compiègne. 9. Joan of Arc in prison. 10. Joan of Arc on the stake. Mgr. Dupanloup, in his appeal to France last July, in aid of this great national work, than which, he declared, he never undertook any work with more hopefulness, proposed to throw the competition open to all the artists and glass painters in France, whose designs should be exhibited for a month in Paris, after which a jury should pronounce upon their respective merits, and select the artist to whom the definitive execution of the work should be confided. Although the list has been open only a few months, the sum required has been already subscribed, the appeal, to use the bishop's own words, having "found an echo throughout all France."

occasion which might present itself, and those occasions were not wanting. "You have all the noble passions of our old soil," said M. de Salvandy, in the words of greeting he addressed to him on his entrance into the Academy. "We feel a heart beating under your every word, a soul ascending and soaring to other skies in every thought of yours, an eloquence always true, facile and brilliant. In fine, to speak to this country of all that awakens its emotions—faith, fatherland, virtue, justice, glory—you have a language of exceptional strength, power and brilliancy." His reputation as a pulpit orator had grown with such rapidity, that six years after the inauguration of the Notre Dame Conferences, he was called to fill the chair of sacred eloquence at the Sorbonne; honours having crowded so thick upon him that he was successively first vicar of Saint Roch, then the most fashionable church in Paris (if the word "fashionable" be allowable in such a connection); honorary vicar-general of the archdiocese, in which quality he had been charged by Mgr. Affre with a difficult mission to the Holy See, whence he returned with the additional distinctions of Roman Prelate, Prothonotary Apostolic, Doctor of Theology, and Grand Cross of the Order of Christ; having had the refusal of two of the principal parishes in Paris, that he might become first prefect of studies, and subsequently director of the Seminary of Saint Nicholas. Indeed, throughout his long life, honours sought him—not he them. "Queen Marie Amélie," says a writer in the *Gaulois*, "was one of his most fervent admirers. She attended his sermons for a whole Lent at Saint Roch. If the young priest had been ambitious, it was a fine opportunity for solicitation. But not only did he ask for nothing, but he obstinately refused propositions made him. He wanted neither dignities nor honours. It needed nothing less than a formal order of the Archbishop of Paris to induce him to place himself at the head of the *petit séminaire* of Saint Nicolas-du-Chardonnet. Still, despite the enormous labour his new position imposed upon him, he contrived to continue his preaching, to prepare books of Christian apologetics, and to follow the movement of his epoch in everything." One of the movements of his epoch, the first and the last that he assailed with a voice that never faltered and a pen that, in hands such as his, became a powerful weapon, was the resuscitated Voltaireanism introduced into the schools by Michelet and Edgar Quinet.

It was the 27th of May, 1842: "Voltaire," says M. Hairdet, whose narrative of the incident is the most graphic and concise I have met—"Voltaire was placed so high in the opinion of those young men, that when the new professor read a quotation from the philosopher of Ferney, there was something like a murmur of surprise, then of anger. This scene was repeated afterwards. The professor was speaking of the eighteenth-century philosophy: he ended with this quotation from a letter

of Voltaire to Thiriot (October 21st, 1736)—'Falsehood is only a vice when it does evil; it is a very great virtue when it does good. Be then more virtuous than ever. It is necessary to lie like a devil, not timidly, not for a time, but boldly and always. Lie, my friends, lie; I will pay it back to you when opportunity offers.' 'What do you say to that?' continues the Abbé Dupanloup. 'Was it not of those men still more than of those Spinosists and pantheists of his time, that Fenelon spoke those words I have just quoted for you: "It is not a sect of philosophers but of liars?" Should not what you have just heard excite the indignation and contempt of every one who, in the midst of prejudices and passion and troubles, has any sentiment of honesty?' Frantic applause greeted this first cry of indignation. But, at the moment when M. Dupanloup was about to resume, a hiss, one prolonged hiss, was heard. They all rose to their feet. The indignant orator, with that prodigious presence of mind which always stood him so well, uttered that proud response of Cicero's—'Nihil me clamor vel sibilus iste commovet, sed consolatur, cum indicat esse quosdam cives imperitos, sed paucos. Quin continetis vocem, indicem stultitiæ, testem paucitatis.' (Neither this clamour nor hissing disturbs me. It consoles me; for it shows that some citizens are ignorant but few. Why do you not restrain your voices which show your folly in revealing your paucity of numbers?) The plaudits redoubled. The press laid hold of the incident. The *Courrier français*, the *National*, the *Constitutionnel*, and the *Phalange*, on one side; on the other, the *Univers*, and the *Union Catholique*, renewed the contests of the Sorbonne auditorium. Ministers grew uneasy; and the *Gazette de France* reproduced a notice posted on the 10th of June on the door of the lecture-hall—'The Abbé Dupanloup will not resume his course of sacred eloquence at the Sorbonne on this day, Friday.' The Government which was to fall by the Revolution, was afraid that one should combat the Revolution." But the Abbé was determined to have his say upon the subject, and when the *Siècle* afterwards proposed that a statue should be erected to Voltaire,* he promptly denounced it as an insult to religion and to France, and was barely dissuaded by Augustin Cochin from rushing into print with those admirable letters, then actually begun, in which, a decade later, he pilloried for ever the author of *La Pucelle*.

"Ce singe de génie
Chez l'homme en mission par le diable envoyé"

as infamy personified. It was one of the last blows the great Christian athlete struck in defence of the Church, and Europe could

* The statue was unveiled at Paris on the 13th of August, 1870. In less than a month after, the downfall of the Second Empire was proclaimed, 80,000 soldiers surrendered at Sedan, and Louis Napoleon was a prisoner in the hands of the victorious Germans.

judge by the rebound that his arm had not lost its power, nor his hand its cunning. The idea, however, was at first little relished by the Bishop's *entourage*, who thought that the demonstration* would fall through of its own accord, and that it would be only magnifying its importance to take it *au sérieux*. Mgr. Dupanloup, we are told, went to Paris to consult a young Frenchman whom he desired to engage in the struggle, submitted his plan to him, asked his advice as to the fittest time for publishing, the best title to adopt, the advantages or disadvantages of bringing it out in book-form, or issuing it in instalments in the shape of letters.† Still all his most attached friends were opposed to the publication; but he combated every objection, and the "Letters to the Members of the Municipal Council of Paris," who had given the strongest impulse to the movement, were published last May in the *Défense*, immediately arrested public attention, were commented on in every paper in Europe, and produced such a reaction that what was avowedly meant to be "a grand international demonstration against Christianity"—the apotheosis of the man who had assailed its dogmas with an astuteness, a virulence, an audacity, and a pertinacity truly satanic—dwindled down into a very poor affair at the Gaité Theatre. It was a startling revelation, not only for France but for other countries. Men who had been taught to regard François Marie Arouet de Voltaire as a large-hearted, high-minded benefactor to his species, were shown what a heartless, soulless, time-serving, fawning sycophant was the revolutionary fetish they had been worshipping; while others, in the words of Cardinal Guibert, admired the conduct of Providence in permitting the design of some impious fanatics to

* The Centenary project originated in 1876 with the *Droits de l'homme*, a journal famous, or rather infamous, for the rabid war it made upon the Church and social order; and the 30th of May, the day fixed upon, happened to have been the anniversary of the burning of Joan of Arc at Rouen.

† The habit Mgr. Dupanloup had of, so to speak, only regarding the *ensemble* of a question so as to be able to take a better grasp of it, and form a higher and more competent judgment of it, sometimes, M. Hairdet says, embarrassed him very much. Thus, in his last polemic *à propos* of the Voltaire Centenary, his notes were taken very carefully upon separate slips. All Voltaire's works had been carefully examined, and the extracts classified in the order of the projected publication. Mgr. Dupanloup then took some large sheets of blue paper, which he doubled up, and attached the notes thereto with wafers. All these notes bore beneath, with the greatest precision, the indication of the volumes, the work and the page from which they had been taken. The Bishop, while classifying these notes, followed the train of his thoughts, cutting off the bottom of the slips containing the indication of the sources, and collecting the clippings in a corner of his desk. When he had finished his classification, he then perceived that it was impossible to range the notes alongside the text. With a little patience, as he used the scissors rapidly and irregularly, it might have been possible to recover the trace of at least the greater part of these extracts, and check them with the help of Voltaire's works. But, to complete his distraction, at a late hour, one night, the Bishop, in place of ringing for his valet-de-chambre, stooped down near the fireplace and took up the very note-clippings with the indication of all the sources to light the fire. He had to recommence all his researches, of which some idea may be formed from the fact that Voltaire's works are comprised in seventy octavo volumes.

assume a certain consistency in order that the friends of truth might be afforded an opportunity of enlightening public opinion upon a man, whose name had become a rallying cry for the enemies of religion, who thought he was making profession of philosophy in declaring war to the death against a religion whose dogmas contain the sublimest of all philosophies, and which, by its maxims and its institutions, has borne humanity to moral heights unknown to ancient civilization.

R. F. O'CONNOR.

(*To be continued.*)

THE COMBAT OF PERSEUS WITH THE GORGON.*

BY T. C. IRWIN.

The thunder of departing gods still rolled through distant night,
And in the palace Perseus stood alone. To aid his flight
Mercurial plumes like rainbows glimmered, and serene and bright
Minerva's glassy shield; there, too, lay Pluto's helmet dim,
And awesome as some thunder-cloud descried on ocean's rim,
Portentous and remote beneath the stormy stars—all these
Gifts to the hero, adventure-bound, by the favouring Deities.
'Twas midnight; nor did other light, save of a torch, intrude
On those celestial 'mid that stony chamber's solitude,
As thus with wings, shield, sword, accoutred stood he; but when
the helm
Was donned, no more could mortal eyes behold him in the realm;

* The adventures of Perseus, son of Jupiter and Danae, form one of the most interesting subjects to be found in the earlier heroic period of Greek mythology. Polydectes, who was King of Seriphus, one of the Cyclades, where Danae and her son had been shipwrecked, wishing to seize the former, yet dreading the vengeance of the young hero, gave a banquet to which she was invited, and from which all male guests were excluded who did not present the monarch with a horse. Perseus, who had none to offer, told the king that instead he would present him with the head of Medusa, the only one of the terrible Gorgons who was mortal. The deities favoured the dangerous expedition which Perseus had undertaken. Mercury lent him his wings; Minerva her shield, resplendent as glass; and Pluto his helmet, which had the power of rendering its wearer invisible. The *habitat* of the Gorgons is placed by ancient writers in various places. In harmony with Ovid, we have selected the Atlas range—the north-west mountainous domain of Africa. After vanquishing the monster, Perseus arrived in Seriphus, where Danae, assaulted by Polydectes, had taken refuge in the temple of Minerva, and, turning the terrible head of the Gorgon on the king and his associates, turned them into stone—the eye of the Gorgon, it is unnecessary to remark, having the fatal power of petrifying all objects on which it was turned. The above lines refer chiefly to the combat of Perseus with Medusa. The account of his subsequent adventures at the feast given in honour of his nuptials with Andromeda, and his destruction, by a similar agency, of Phinias and his riotous band, are painted in the fine flowing Latin and rich natural colouring of Ovid.

As swift he mounted the topmost tower, the feathery 'vans unfurled ;
Then swept invisible as a blast across the widening world.

Vast was the exploit he emprised, immensive as unknown
His journey through the upper sky, by tempests overblown ;
But, armed by gods, he had sworn to find the Gorgons thus alone,

Even on the limits of the world—their awful wilderness of stone ;
So westward pushed his daring way, now hurried aloft, now blasted prone

Upon some starry cloud-rack ; or, beside the solitary moon,
Voyaging the cold blue void, until it sank from sight with watery swoon

Beneath the horizontal surges cold ; and rising morn
Touched the Cambunian hazy peaks, and his first winged day was born.

Beneath him shone the vast Olympian vaporious walls, serene abodes,

The cloudy citadels cerulean, folding gateways of the gods ;
Parnassus, Athos, Rhodope, great Aetna, flame and vapour furled ;

White Caucasus, green Apennine ; Alps walling up the northern world ;

Beneath the morn and evening iris ; north, the empire of the snow ;
Southward the universe of cloud whence Deluge flows, and still will flow.

Such scenes he saw passing across the earth three times the night and day,

And over mountains, oceans, nations, sped supreme upon his way ;

By sun and moon and stars companioned, firm in soul careered the blue

Aerial infinitude, embracing in remotest view

The eastern realms, whose snowy summits goldened in the dawn begun,

And hills Hesperian by the ocean, reddened as the setting sun ;
Touched the clear, starry road sublime, by which the gods ascend the height

Of Heaven, and heard the thunders echo round the battlements of Night.

And lastly, in the farthest dark, where on each hand the icy poles Gleamed vague and faint—where orbs were setting slowly toward their ghostly goals,

Past shadowing hills, black plains, pale lakes, coasts barren, where the cold foam rolls,

Beyond the shoreless waste of waters dimly hover the Land of Souls.

At length, when the fourth day was burning o'er the Lybian
waste, and on
The Atlantean pyramid stupendous piled unto the sun,
The flying hero, tempest-wafted o'er Cimmerian wastes of wood,
Chilled near its hanging starry shores, scorched in the flaming
altitude,
Was whirlwind caught far out along the aged seas—then, by one
blast,
Swept Africward, upon the Atlas's awful steepes alit at last ;
And rescued by that wandering storm from tumults of the cloud
and foam,
Saw fronting him the rocky pathway leading to the Gorgon's
home.

Lo! there a precipice-surrounded desert spread, whereon had
grown
Herbage and forest, lake and river, men and cattle, into stone.
Here, as if browsing petreous grasses, oxen herds rock-cold and
grey ;
And here a train of travellers and cattle, statued on their way ;
Sheep stooped their stony noses to the stone ; the birds on silent
trees
Perched sightless-solid on the boughs, whose leaves once mur-
mured in the breeze ;
And from the sunbright edge of the ravine a cataract headlong
flung
In solid curves, above undaunted Perseus climbing, downward
hung.
Sometimes on foot he scaled the steep, and now on wing across
some chasm
Flew where profound abysses yawned, rent open by some earth-
quake spasm,
The while in front he held the shield, lest from the vague colossal
gloom
The Gorgon's eye should fix his eye, and he become—his sudden
tomb.

At length he reached the summit of the shady pass, where over-
head
The mountain's gaunt, primeval walls impending horrent o'er him
spread,
As though all ocean turned to stone were heaved in one stupen-
dous wave
Over the world. Here first he heard voices uncouth that seemed
to rave
Instinctively irate at one approaching—sounds of wings immense
Unfolding ; while a monstrous form swept down amid the
shadows dense,

He knew not what ; but felt its size, as, dazzled by his shield, It bore
Sidelong around his invisible form—the caverns echoing with its roar.

Long was the combat 'twixt the sightless, viewless hero and his foe,
Furiously following through the air, hither and thither, the flying glow ;
Now by tempestuous pinions beaten against the cliff ; in watchful poise
Shifting in front of that Form primeval, whose loud, raucid, raging voice
Clamoured, and buffeting the walls, 'mid clouds of flying feathers, smashed
In its rage, while with its fellows' cries the hollow-sounding caverns crashed ;
And the low sun already sped adown earth's last declivity,
His flamy, neighing steeds' and igneous axle toward the aged sea ;
When Perseus, flying this way and that through gloom, as in a hideous trance,
Shield-guarded, dreading evasively the fixture of the Gorgon's glance,
With one sweep of his sword irresistible cleft through the neck :
down on the rock
The head fell, the body immense beside. Down he alit, and seizing the lock
Of twisted serpents, stiff with death—averting still Medusa's head,
Turned it upon her sisters twain, who, shrinking with terror, bewildered fled ;
Then, by its snakes the horrible trophy bracing aback, mounted the night,
By this time fallen, and over the darkened desert pursued his conquering track.



HIGH TREASON.

A TALE OF THE JESUITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY C. W. CHRISTALL.

PROLOGUE.

LOOKING back from our times of peaceful security through the mist that intervenes between us and the sixteenth century, it would seem at first glance almost incredible that the English nation should, in the short space of thirty years, have relinquished a faith that they had steadily held for nearly nine centuries. Historians have touched the subject lightly, with strong anti-Catholic feelings, and with an evident reluctance to offend the susceptibilities of their Protestant readers; and the impression left upon the public mind is, that the Reformation chiefly owed its strength to the powerful revulsion of feeling that set in against the ancient faith, in consequence of the cruel treatment of the Reformers in the reign of Mary.

Occasionally one better informed, or more boldly honest than the rest, has, after consulting a few antique records, given the result of his studies to the world, and shown with some fairness that the Reformers were not quite so blameless, nor their opponents altogether so deserving of reprobation, as had hitherto been supposed. But such writings, while shedding a faint gleam of light upon that dark epoch, have had little permanent effect.

The process by which the extinction of the Catholic religion in this country was effected, is to be found in musty and obsolete acts of parliament, city records, and manuscripts of contemporary writers, dispersed among the various libraries of the religious orders. Some of the latter are now in course of publication; but although they afford abundant material for a truthful history of that troubled period, they are in their present state attractive to few; will, in all probability, remain unknown to the general public; and, judging by the treatment that less inaccessible authorities have received at the hands of some of our "historians," will not do much to remove the deep-seated prejudice with which Protestant writers invariably approach the uncongenial subject.

Cardinal Manning has said with force and truth, that the people of England never voluntarily surrendered their faith: it was taken from them. It is far less difficult to destroy than to construct; so easy to forget: and when the Catholic religion was forcibly put out of sight, is it surprising that it should cease to be remembered?

The substitution of the royal supremacy for that of the Pope, evidently seemed to Henry VIII. a very trifling matter. It was so much more convenient, and simplified matters so greatly, to recog-

nise the sovereign as the ruler of men's souls as well as bodies, than that there should be tiresome appeals from his authority to that of a foreigner hundreds of miles away. We have heard very recently from a statesman of some note the parrot-cry of "divided allegiance;" and Germany is still engaged in the difficult task, in humble imitation of King Henry, of compelling its Catholic subjects to render to Cæsar the things that are God's.

Henry had, however, no intention of abandoning the faith that he had so valorously defended against the attacks of Luther. Desirous of retaining all the ceremonies and all the doctrines, save one, of the ancient religion, he sent Protestants and Catholics with stern impartiality to the scaffold: the one for denying Transubstantiation, the other for the rejection of his claim to the headship of the Church.

The Courts of High Commission, originally created for the purpose of enforcing the doctrine of the royal supremacy, were occupied during the reign of Elizabeth in rooting out all traces of the ancient religion.

In the course of a few years an inquisition, compared to which the much-abused and little-understood institution of Spain was a model of kindness, was established in the land, together with a penal code that vied in severity with any enacted during the early years of Christianity.

Under its operation, the loathsome prisons were filled with recusants; men, women and children were herded together with thieves and murderers. Pestilence, engendered by the foul vapours of the dungeon, thinned the ranks of the victims; and at York, twenty gentlemen of family and position were carried off in one week. Executions of priests and laymen were of frequent occurrence; and in the same city, for refusing to plead at her trial, Margaret Clithero was pressed to death under circumstances of the most revolting barbarity, and her body buried beneath a dunghill.

Outward conformity to the established worship was deemed an insufficient compliance to the laws of the realm; a rigid subjection of the conscience was further insisted upon. The practice or profession of any other creed than that established by Elizabeth was declared treasonable, and recusants and Puritans, although in far different degrees, alike bowed their necks to the rod of the persecutor.

The ecclesiastical laws passed during Elizabeth's reign had but one object in view, the extirpation of the Catholic religion. It was declared high treason to be a priest, or to harbour a priest, to say Mass, or to hear Mass; and those who incurred the penalties of treason were condemned to forfeit all their property, and to be hanged, drawn and quartered. Recusants, as the unhappy Catholics were called, were at the mercy of their neighbours and enemies; daily watched by the pursuivants, liable at any hour to

be hurried before the Courts of High Commission, there to be interrogated upon oath how often they had been at church, and when and where they received the Sacrament, and to be condemned as recusants to fine and imprisonment. In the case of converts, who, in the language of the time, were said to have been "reconciled" to the Church, the punishment was also the forfeiture of all their goods and imprisonment for life; while those Catholics who fled the country had their property at once confiscated, and given or sold at low prices to followers of the Court. Year by year proclamations were issued by the Crown, calling upon bishops and ecclesiastical commissioners to redouble their vigilance, and strictly enforce the laws relating to religion; and the meaner agents employed to put these laws into execution were empowered to act without warrant, and, as a stimulant to their zeal, were allotted a share in the recusant's goods; and their hapless victim found himself compelled to submit to extortion and cruelty, without the faintest hope of obtaining redress.

Under the pressure of these severe laws, the Catholics quickly dwindled into a feeble and insignificant remnant; but all the terrors of the law were insufficient to stay the little band of devoted priests who issued from the seminary of Douay, to sustain the failing courage of their co-religionists, and keep alight the waning lamp of faith.

Side by side with the seminary priests came the vanguard of that illustrious order that, persecuted in all countries and in all ages since its foundation, has never been defeated, nor made to swerve from its onward course; that has worked patiently and unceasingly for the salvation of souls, bearing calumny, contempt, imprisonment or death, with unflinching courage; the greatest and noblest, the most hated and feared, the most bitterly persecuted of all religious orders, and that has been peculiarly the heir to the reproach of Him whose name it bears—the Society of Jesus.

Just fifty years ago, England, with tardy penitence, blotted from her statute-books those inhuman laws; but from that measure of relief the Jesuits were excluded, and to this day their presence in England is contrary to law.

The scene of the bitterest persecution which it was the lot of our forefathers to undergo, was in the north, where the Court of High Commission was presided over by one of the fiercest and most unrelenting enemies of the Catholic religion. It was not zeal for religion, but an insatiable greed of wealth, that rendered the Earl of Huntingdon so anxious to put down Popery. Records still remain to show that the ill-gotten gains of sheriffs, pursuivants, and other agents of the commissioners, were heavily taxed by this nobleman, and even of the money wrung by the very jailers from the Catholics they had in charge, a large proportion went into his pocket. The jailers, perhaps not unreasonably, complained that his demands were so heavy as to leave them no profit for themselves.

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, there stood by the roadside, near the village of Holme-on-Spalding-Moor, distant about thirty miles from the city of York, a solidly-built house of moderate dimensions, with numerous outbuildings attached thereto, and all the appurtenances of a farm. The extensive range of barns, stables, and granaries in the rear gave indication of some degree of comfort, if not of opulence; but a closer inspection would have revealed the fact that the barns were empty, and the long rows of stalls had for their sole occupants some three or four rough-looking, under-bred horses, that eagerly munched at their coarse and stinted provender. The place bore the stamp of desolation and neglect. Doors had been torn down, and lay broken to pieces in the mire; corn and fodder, trampled under foot, were strewed about profusely, and the stacks of corn and hay had been to all appearance but recently removed, carelessly and in haste.

It was a rough, wintry night. The rain, beaten by the wind that swept across the wild moorland in heavy, sudden gusts, pattered violently on the casements, and lay in pools around the house; or dripping steadily from the leafless trees that stood about it, saturated with slow persistence the miry soil beneath.

The front of the house was entirely dark, save that from one window there faintly gleamed the intermittent reflection of a fire. The apartment to which it belonged contained two men, engaged in serious converse, their voices hardly raised above a whisper. One of them, a stout, well-made man of about thirty years, his fair, open face darkened by an anxious frown, sat beside the chimney-corner, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees.

"We were told," he said, "that you were sent to London as soon as you were arrested. I caused many inquiries to be made there, but could learn nothing of your fate."

"I was taken to London, Gilbert," said the other; "but for some reason they brought me back again, and I have lain in prison on Ouse Bridge for nearly four years. I escaped, as I told you, the night before last, and have wandered about ever since. My ankles were so galled by the fetters, and my progress so slow and full of danger, that I was more than once tempted to surrender myself to the first passer-by."

The speaker was a man of wild and singular appearance, with long, matted hair and unkempt beard. He did not seem much older than his companion, but his features bore the indelible marks of intense suffering, and from the haggard, careworn face his dark expressive eyes gleamed with strange brilliancy. Wrapped in a huge horseman's cloak, drawn closely round his spare form, he lay upon a rough couch of straw, over which some coarse sacking had been thrown, and his feet, that seemed to give him pain, were encased in hastily-improvised bandages.

"I thought escape from the Kidcotes was impossible," said his

friend. "I was at York last week, and the mayor, as a hint of what I might expect, would have me look at his prison."

"There are several prisons," said the other; "three on Ouse Bridge, and one in the Castle. It was the mayor's Kidcotes that I was in; and having no money to pay our good jailer for my keep, I was consigned to the lower hold."

"Why did you not send to me, Vaughan?" said Gilbert reproachfully. "The money I hold of yours, albeit it is not in my hands now, but still in safe keeping, should have been returned to you to the last groat."

"I was better without it," said Vaughan; "and it was not mine to use, but a trust for my child. You would have run great risks in bringing relief to a prisoner there. Two ladies came lately on such an errand, the one having her father, the other her kinsman, prisoners at York for their religion. As soon as they had entered the prison, enquiry was made as to who and what they were. Admitting that they were Catholics, they were taken before the mayor, who offered them the oath of allegiance, as they call it. Not understanding its meaning, they refused to take it, and were committed themselves to the prison on Ouse Bridge."

"Well," said his friend, with a weary sigh, "what are your plans, Frank? You must lie here, of course, until your wounds are healed; but what is to be done next?"

"My presence under your friendly roof, Gilbert Langton, puts you in sore peril," said Vaughan. "If you will conceal me until to-morrow, I will make an effort to escape to France, if possible. Give me the loan of horse, and if I can reach Hull, I think I can depend upon a friend there for a sea passage."

"Your imprisonment has given you strange notions of the liberty accorded to recusants. There are spies on every road; the most harmless personage is stopped and questioned, and if his replies be not satisfactory, he may think himself fortunate if he escape with the loss of all he has. I am not allowed as yet to go more than five miles from my house without leave of the commissioners; but before the end of the week I shall be relieved of that restriction."

"How so?" inquired Vaughan.

Gilbert moved uneasily beneath the searching gaze of his friend, and turning his face moodily to the fire, said, with great reluctance:

"You will hear it soon, Frank, if I do not tell you." He paused for a moment, and added, "I have submitted; taken the oath; promised to go to church; to conform to their accursed worship, and denied our common faith."

"You, Gilbert Langton! You?" said Vaughan, starting up.

"Is it surprising?" said the other, bitterly. "So long as I had sufficient means I paid the fines for recusancy—twenty pounds every month, levied thirteen times in the year; and I had scarce enough left to support my household. One bad harvest deprived

me altogether of the money to satisfy the rapacity of our tyrants, and the greater part of my lands were seized. Not long since, the pursuivants came hither and took all my goods, breaking open doors and chests, and refusing the keys that were offered them. Again, last week, I was visited, and what the former harpies had left, was taken from me; the few cattle I had were driven away; my stacks of hay and corn sold for half their value; and I was threatened that upon their next visit they would carry me and my family to prison. What could I do? To hesitate would involve us all in irretrievable misery. I did as others have done; as many more will be compelled to do. I rode to York the same afternoon; renounced my errors; took the oath."

He stamped his foot upon the ground, and rising from his seat abruptly, paced the room hurriedly, while his frame quivered with suppressed agony.

"You must have suffered deeply, my poor Gilbert," said Vaughan, "before they forced you to this extremity."

"I have paid in fines during the past five years more than would suffice to purchase all the land I possess," resumed Langton. "So careful was I to avoid giving offence to the law, that when Father Campian, the Jesuit, being in this neighbourhood, sent to say he would visit us, I declined to receive him. It was fortunate that I did so; for when he was under the torture he gave up the names of all who had sheltered him hereabouts."

"We heard of it up yonder," said Vaughan. "But he was promised that no harm should befall those whom he mentioned; and but for that promise he would have told them nothing, although he was many hours upon the rack. If we blame him for that error, let us remember that he expiated it with his own blood, and underwent the agonies of martyrdom unshrinkingly."

"No faith is kept with us," said Langton. "The punishment for harbouring a priest is often death; and everyone he mentioned paid dearly for their fault. I escaped for the time; but they afterwards seized everything I had, even to our beds. And there are false pursuivants going about, who rob and spoil suspected Papists; and if we complain to Lord Huntingdon, these leeches, who suck our heart's blood, are commended for their zeal, and we are told to go and beg our goods again of the queen, if we think ourselves wronged."

"Do not despair, Gilbert," said Vaughan; "we bear the brunt of the battle. It ever wages fiercest before the end, and victory will be ours one day."

"Heaven forgive my fault," said Langton despondently. "God knows that it was not for my own safety or comfort that I did this thing. Had I been alone, neither threats nor punishment should have made me a recreant to my faith; but oh! friend, you know how bitter it is to see your darlings suffer."

His lip quivered, and he stopped. Vaughan looked pityingly

for some moments at his half-averted face, and then said gently, "My poor friend! It is with you as it has been with many more. If we would live in peace in our own land, no choice is left us but to submit to those hard and crushing laws. If we are quiet, we are suspected of plotting; if we raise our voice against injustice, we are rebellious, disloyal. Our very name is written upon the statute-book beside that of England's bitterest enemy."

"You know too well, Frank, what we have to suffer," said Langton, raising his voice in anger, but checking himself instantly, as if he feared a listener. "And like you, I might have been hurried to jail, leaving behind me the corpse of my wife, and my children without a shelter or a friend, had I not been tortured into submission. But I have not your fortitude. You blame me in your heart for my weakness."

Vaughan eagerly raised his hand with a gesture of dissent.

"Nay, it must be so," said Langton, sadly. "But to you, dear Frank, I would urge, as I can to no other, reasons that would have weight with many of our people for my sinful act."

"There is no need, Gilbert," said Vaughan; "I am not your judge; and God forbid that I should blame those whom suffering has made feeble. But the oath you have taken, I say nothing of the rest, need scarcely weigh heavily on your conscience. There is a difference of opinion as to its lawfulness. Many of the priests have taken it."

"That but adds to our troubles," said Langton. "Our priests are at strife among themselves on that very point. I neither stand nor fall by the acts of others; and I feel—I know that I am not without sin in the matter."

He busied himself in putting some more billets on the fire; rearranged Vaughan's pillow, and placed some food within his reach. Vaughan looked up at him with a grateful smile. Such comforts came strangely to the escaped prisoner.

"I must be away betimes in the morning, Gilbert," he said.

"Then it will be on the road to York," said his friend, bluntly. "You could not walk a mile with your blistered feet and wounded ankles; and I have no horse that I could lend you with safety; nor could I accompany you just yet. Are the pleasures of yonder prison so alluring that you are in haste to return thither again?"

"Words cannot describe the horrors of that loathsome place," said Vaughan. "Add to which, the coarse insults of the jailers, the scanty food of the vilest description, the felons and outcasts that we have for companions, and I have long since ceased to wonder that some—comparatively few, thank God—have given way and made shipwreck of their faith."

"Is escape equally possible, think you, to those who remain?"

"I fear not. It was the merest accident that gave me liberty, and is not likely to befall another. The lower hold, where I was imprisoned, is on a level with the abutment of the bridge. It is

always dark, for its only outlet is a trap-door opening on to the river; and if this were not kept fast closed when the tide runs high, the prisoners would be in danger of drowning like rats in a hole. This door is opened twice daily, and our pittance of food thrust in, and on this particular night it was by some accident left unfastened. There was no one in the cell with me at the time, for my two companions had died of fever; and as the water rushed in, I tried to check it with some rags and straw. As I pressed against the door, it flew open. The night was dark, and ironed as I was, I climbed out and reached the abutment. I had not been there long before a man passed in a boat. I begged of him, for the love of God, to save me; told him my name, and why I was imprisoned. He was, fortunately for me, a fellow-sufferer for conscience' sake; and rowing me some distance down the river, he put me ashore, and bidding me God speed, would have thrust a coin into my hand; but he had given me life, and I could not take his alms. With a heavy stone I broke the fetters that encumbered me, and, wandering about stealthily and in by-paths, at length reached you. Had I not been able to gain shelter, I must have been retaken, for I could go no further."

"But you are without money," said Langton. "If you will not use what is yours, suffer me to furnish you with a little from my own store."

"If I can but reach Hull safely, I shall not need it," said Vaughan; "and until I return, the sum you hold will suffice for the wants of my child."

"Return!" ejaculated his friend. "Do not dream of that. You would incur forfeiture and imprisonment for life; and the laws are so variously interpreted, that it might be adjudged treason."

"It would be difficult for me to satisfy the first part of the penalty," said Vaughan, with a smile; "for I have nothing left that I can forfeit."

"For heaven's sake, then," said Langton earnestly, "do not enter into any plots. Beyond a few, here and there, rendered desperate by their sufferings, you will not find any willing, if even they were able, to attempt the impossible task of altering these wretched laws by violence."

"If I plot," said Vaughan, his face lighting up with a faint glow of fervour, "it will be for England's welfare, not for her harm. There is a work I wish to do; and whether we meet again on this earth or no, my purpose is to return to my native land, to labour, however humbly, for the accomplishment of a noble design. I have thought of it in the weary hours spent in yonder prison; pain and hunger have but intensified my desire to share in the great work that is being done in our midst; and if the sacrifice of my life will help forward by one single step the cause for which many have died, I offer it willingly, humbly, and

with joy. Though our numbers are but few, and our courage broken, we are not defeated yet. The conflict still rages ; but the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

CHAPTER I.—THE PRIOR OF STUDLEY.

The accession of James I. to the throne of England was hailed by the suffering Catholics as a welcome relief from the troubles they had endured during the preceding reign. Born of a Catholic mother, who had suffered imprisonment and death at the hands of Elizabeth, he held out hopes of toleration to the Catholics ; and, during the first few months of his reign, he invited the recusants to his court, and suspended the levying of their fines. A very short period sufficed to dissipate these pleasant illusions, and taught his subjects how lightly a Stuart held his plighted word. The welcome that he experienced on all sides enabled him to violate with security his promise of toleration ; and firmly seated on the English throne, "he had no need of the Papists' help, since the Protestants everywhere received him with so much favour."

The laws against recusants were again put in force, the prisons once more filled ; the fines that had never been remitted were suddenly demanded, together with all arrears ; and the scaffolds again flowed with Catholic blood.

Disgusted at his treachery, some of those who had taken a leading part in the endeavour to secure his triumph, blindly threw themselves into the arms of their enemies. The plots of Raleigh and Cobham ensued, in which Papist and Puritan were implicated ; and, driven to desperation by their sufferings, a handful of fiery enthusiasts conceived the atrocious design of destroying king, lords and commons, by means of the Gunpowder Plot.

The county of Warwick, within which the conspirators held their last meeting, presents many features of great beauty, and is not devoid of interest. The ancient city of Warwick, with its grand feudal castle, takes us back to the days of the famous Earl Guy, and evokes memories of the puissant king-maker, Richard Neville ; the ruins of Kenilworth recall the woes of Fair Rosamund and Amy Robsart, and the virtues of good Queen Bess, and her trusty and well-beloved accomplice, Leicester ; Saxon Earl Leofric and Lady Godiva live again in Coventry ; and at a village known as Stratford-upon-Avon a certain William Shakspeare, who stole the deer of Sir Thomas Lucy, and lampooned the knight into the bargain, was born and buried. And it may be that the house wherein this play-actor was born, is regarded with feelings of deeper veneration and affectionate respect than are all the majestic remains of royal and feudal piles put together.

But it is not with any of these that we have to do, although the

period of which we write was within a few years of Shakspeare's death, and fewer still of the Powder Plot.

On the western confines of the county, near to the adjacent county of Worcester, beside the narrow, silvery Alne, stands the village of Aston Cantilupe, or Cantlow, as it is now called; and beyond the river the road runs in a westerly direction towards Spennall, until the traveller reaches the high road to Birmingham.

Along this road, on a fine summer's afternoon, in the year 1610, there travelled leisurely two horsemen, persons of condition apparently, followed at a short distance by a couple of serving-men, well armed and of athletic build—sturdy enough to overawe any slinking footpad having confused ideas as to the rights of property.

The road or track, for it was little better than a broad sheep-walk, wound through a thickly-wooded country, now in a deep dell, almost buried beneath the over-arching trees, and at other times along the brow of a hill, from whence glimpses of the richly-diversified scenery might be caught; or a distant village spire, with a few houses clustering round it, as if for shelter, showed that the wide expanse of hill and dale was not altogether destitute of tenants. Although the summer's sun poured down its warm and cheerful rays, the road lay so entirely in the shade, thanks to dense foliage that sheltered it, that the cool tranquillity of their surroundings fell with a grateful sense upon the minds of the travellers, who rode at a gentle trot, as if desirous to eke out, as far as possible, the enjoyments that our beautiful, but too brief summer holds out.

"How Dame Nature ever seems to preach the blessings of peace!" said the elder traveller, a commanding-looking man, with thin white hair and peaked beard. "Who could think of strife amid such scenes as these?"

"This is nature at peace, and on her best behaviour," said the other. "But, like the human heart, she has her storms and dark days. I have found that those most accustomed to the quietude and beauty of nature, are far less sensible to its influence than those who enjoy it but seldom, and at such a time as this."

"She can be a virago at times," rejoined the first speaker. "I have been told that somewhere in Italy there is a mountain that spits forth masses of red-hot stones at anyone who approaches it. Troth! I think those foolish fellows who concocted the Powder Plot must have taken a lesson from the burning mountain, when they essayed to blow us all into the next world. It was a mercy that they did not accomplish their designs."

"Would that the plot could have taught our rulers the danger of driving men to such terrible extremes! Like the mouth of that fiery mountain, the plot only showed what a vast seething mass of disaffection must underlie the peaceful aspect of our country,

that, perchance, only awaits its time to burst forth into an all-devouring flame."

"I do not think there is much disaffection now—at least, in this county. Some of our neighbours, it is true, shared in the plot; but I think they had few sympathizers. The people now are quiet and peaceably-disposed; and, indeed, for my own part, I cannot tell what there is to complain of."

"You are scarcely in a position to judge of that, Lord Aston," said the other. "Share the opinions of those men; undergo, as they did, fines and imprisonment for the same cause; and you would not acquit the laws of all blame."

"Faith! I am content to take life as I find it," returned the peer, "without going out of my way to fall foul of the law. And these crack-brained fellows who deny the right of the country to make what laws it thinks fit, must needs go to the wall in such an encounter."

"But has any country the right to oppress men's consciences?" asked his companion. "Surely, the State is not empowered to arrogate to itself the functions of the Deity, and compel us to accept at the sword's point a creed of her own fashioning."

"Now, that is the very rock on which these people split," said Lord Aston. "What was it the parson said, awhile since, of malignants who rejected the law? Something about every man doing what was right in his own eyes. Yes, that was it. And his argument was to the effect, that if men were not restrained by law, they might, by pleading the dictates of conscience, commit any enormity—nay, even take to themselves as many wives as the Grand Turk has. The State is certainly entitled to prevent such an outrage upon Christianity, but it forces no man's conscience thereby. It is the bounden duty of an English subject to live a Christian and godly life. For this purpose the law enjoins us to meet together for prayer and the hearing of pious discourses from duly-authorized teachers of the Gospel. And will you affirm, Captain Burnet, that the State does wrong to issue such commands?"

"That was not precisely my meaning," said Burnet. "If I think the State religion erroneous, and prefer to follow one that I believe to be true, who possesses the right to deprive me of the privilege of worshipping God in a manner agreeable to my conscience?"

"The State, my good Burnet, pretends not to interfere with any man's conscience," said Lord Aston, rather testily. "Believe what you please, say your prayers in any fashion you choose, and the law will let you alone. But you are expected to go to church like other folk. It is a test of loyalty—a token that you are an obedient, God-fearing subject. But refuse to comply with this gentle law, and you straightway become one of the disaffected. The king is head of the Church, as well as of the

State; and if you slight him in either capacity, your act savours of treason."

Lord Aston was quite warm, and a little offended at the obstinacy of his companion, whose drift he did not comprehend. Moreover, he had got slightly confused by his own unwonted eloquence; began to wonder what had set him off; and was dimly conscious that his reasoning had been wholly destitute of its intended effect.

Somewhat mollified by Burnet's silence, who evidently had the good sense to know when he was beaten, the peer's irritation subsided, and they quietly continued their journey.

"Now, which of these roads is mine?" asked Burnet, as they came into the high road, with a gaunt finger-post in the midst, pointing five different ways.

"There lies your way," said Lord Aston; "but as mine is partly in the same direction, we part not yet. A mile further on, you will find a bridle-path on your right; follow it, and you will find the ruin you wish to see. You do not know the prior?"

"The prior," said Burnet, looking puzzled; "who is he?"

"The people hereabout have given him the title," said Lord Aston. "He is a simple, harmless fellow, who lives there alone. Some relative of his, they say, was a monk there when the Papists had it, and he seems to believe that he has inherited some right to the place. By the way, how is your hurt? Talking of Papists reminded me of it."

"So well, under your kind care," said Burnet, "that I shall be well enough in a few days to quit your hospitable shelter."

"Not yet, I trust," said Lord Aston. "Remain with us until the hunting begins, and let our neighbours see that you can follow the hounds as well as the enemy."

"It seems ungracious to refuse your kind proffer," said Burnet; "but I have business that demands my immediate attention."

"Let me give you a piece of advice. Do not lodge again with a Papist," said Lord Aston, earnestly, "or you may chance to meet with more misfortune. If your late host, that numbskull, Fenner, had been wise in time, his house need not have been burnt, nor you all but roasted alive in it. But he must set himself up as knowing better than his neighbours; lets out that he is a Papist, and so brings the law swooping down upon his dunce's head. And see the end of it! His goods are destroyed, and he clapped in prison until he change his mind, and become an obedient subject. Here, then, we part; this is my road. You had better have one of my men to guide you. No? Then, fare you well."

He waited a few moments after Burnet had left him, and, waving his hand, struck into the by-road.

"A likely man enough," he murmured to himself. "Rather too quiet though for a soldier. I would he told us a little about him-

self. He did not drop from the clouds ; but where else he came from I know not."

The face and figure of Burnet in no way belied his professional title. About forty years of age, his features, if not strictly handsome, were regular and pleasing, and they bore the impress of courage and determination ; his eyes stern, but not harsh, calm and steady in their glance, were those of a man of patient, resolute nature, one likely to be very much in earnest, even if he failed of success in whatever he undertook ; and his shapely, muscular figure was displayed to full advantage by the tightly-fitting doublet he wore. He was, indeed, as his title proclaimed him to be, a soldier ; although not precisely of the description that the peer supposed.

For some weeks prior to the opening of this chapter, he had been the guest of a small farmer near the village of Aston. By some act of indiscreet zeal, his host attracted the attention of one of the numerous spies that infested the country, and had been denounced to the sheriff as a recusant ; and that worthy, in the execution of his authority for the rooting out of popery, had sent two of his men to arrest the traitor. The capture of Fenner occurred at a late hour, and the officers decided upon passing the night at his house, intending to carry him to Warwick in the morning ; and as they sat up to watch their prisoner, they were supplied with the food and drink that the farmer did not dare to refuse them. Their carouse came to an untimely end. By some accident the light was overturned, and setting fire to the wood-work, the place was burnt to the ground. In the confusion the daughter of Fenner, having been forgotten, was nearly stifled by the smoke, and Captain Burnet, at the risk of his life, rescued the insensible girl ; but as he emerged from the blazing ruin, a mass of charred and half-burnt wood fell upon him, injuring his left arm rather severely ; and it was not without great difficulty that the girl and her preserver were finally extricated from their perilous situation. Lord Aston, who had come down when the alarm was raised, charitably ordered the sufferers to be carried to the manor-house ; and some days elapsed before Burnet was able to leave his bed.

The inmates of Aston Manor found their patient a quiet, reserved man, who imparted very little intelligence to them of himself ; but from some hints that he let fall in the course of conversation, it was believed that he was an emissary of the court, whose agents, as it was well known, were frequently despatched upon secret and delicate missions ; usually for the purpose of detecting or fomenting plots, of which the astute and vigilant Cecil had received such timely notice as to enable him to meet disaffection more than half way, and sometimes to assist in its development, by aiding the conspirators to carry on their intrigues until the proper moment arrived for crushing both at one blow.

It was sufficient to be a reputed agent of the wily and unscrupulous Cecil to ensure the captain a ready welcome, however insincere, to the house of any person whom he condescended to visit : and he found himself, somewhat to his surprise, treated with high consideration on all sides ; and, thanks to the terrors of the spy system inaugurated by the elder Cecil, and that still enjoyed a vigorous existence, he was regarded with not a little fear.

How the rumour originated of his connection with the court, the captain did not trouble himself to enquire : he neither confirmed nor contradicted it. Before his accident he had been very active ; had been met with in various parts of the country ; and from his visits to known or suspected recusants, it was whispered that another Polish plot had aroused the suspicions of Master Cecil, who was known to have a very keen scent indeed in such matters.

It was rather late in the afternoon when the captain at length drew rein before the sad, majestic ruin of Studley Priory. It in no way differed from many another religious pile that he had met with. Roofless ; its bare walls still raised as if in supplication ; masses of stonework rudely pulled down, and half-hidden by the ivy that lovingly sought to hide and beautify the havoc that human hands had wrought ; with shapeless gaps in the masonry, where stained windows once had cast their chequered shadows upon pictures and altars—upon long processions of chanting monks—upon rites of solemn splendour : it stood in mute eloquence, to testify in days yet to come the sublimity of that ancient creed to which it owed its being ; and which England had pressed to her bosom for ages, only to fling aside, at the bidding of her ruler, with every mark of infamy and hate.

It stood alone in its desolation ; but, at a short distance, there loomed another ruin, smaller and of more recent date ; the remains of a residence, unfinished, and left to rot and moulder beside the pile from whence its materials had been drawn. The man to whom the place was granted at the dissolution would have built himself a house out of the monastic quarry, but that his life was cut short in some freak of the tyrant, and his headless trunk consigned to some remote, unhonoured grave ; leaving the uncompleted pile, like his own suddenly arrested life, to point such moral as the story might suggest to any indifferent stranger :

Against one of the walls a little tenement was erected, built partly of stone, with a thatched roof ; and a patch of ground before it had been hedged in and planted with herbs and poor garden-stuff. An old man of hale appearance and fresh complexion was busily plucking up the weeds ; and as Burnet rode up, he came forward, and stood by his little gate, regarding the stranger with fixed, enquiring look.

A few words passed between them, and taking Burnet's horse

to the interior of the ruin, he re-entered the hut, followed by his visitor.

Presently another stranger arrived, and being also admitted to the cottage, the old man came forth again, leaving his visitors to themselves, and tranquilly resumed his work. The air was very still; and the faint tinkle of the sheep-bells in the distance, and the twitter of the birds, harmonized with the peaceful scene, making the solitude more profound; and, quitting his work, the tenant of the priory leaned thoughtfully against the palings, lost in thought.

"Well, Father Prior," said a voice at his elbow, "will you do the honours of your abode? Let us see where your treasure lies hid."

He started, and looking round, found his visitors standing beside him. He took off his cap with a gesture of deep respect, but instantly replaced it, in obedience to an impatient look from the speaker, who was a tall, bony man, with thin, aquiline nose and piercing black eyes.

"You have lived here a long time, I believe?" said Burnet, as they walked across the floor of what had been the church. "It is said that you were one of the monks here."

"Not quite that, sir," was the reply. "My uncle was one of the brethren; but the place was suppressed, and the monks all sent away when I was a boy. I do not remember much of it. When Queen Mary came to the throne, there was some talk of the monks coming back: but the place was roofless then, and has been sadly used since."

He sighed heavily; and they gazed silently at the ruined sanctuary. It was with varied feelings that the three men contemplated the scene of destruction. To the old guardian of the place, the scene was too familiar to arouse anything more than a sense of passive regret. And Burnet, although his eye wandered with wistful tenderness over the dismantled place, betrayed no emotion. But with their companion the case was far different. His thick black eyebrows were knit in a heavy frown, almost concealing his gleaming eyes; and he bit his lip almost savagely, while his thin nostrils dilated with an expression of the keenest indignation.

"Here is where we buried my uncle," said the old man, pointing to a secluded corner of the chancel. "I put these stones to mark his grave."

The fragments of masonry at which they gazed were ranged in the form of a rude cross. Beneath them slept the last monk of Studley Priory.

"And I suppose he subscribed to the doctrine of the king's supremacy?" said the stranger, almost with a sneer. "Behold the consequences!" and he looked up at the roofless building. "I feel no pity for those who blindly threw themselves beneath the heel of a tyrant. What are we now? Reduced to a mere

handful of beaten curs, who dare not call our souls our own. Yet we may not give blow for blow ; we must endure patiently ; obey them that are set over us, and the rest of it. Away with such councils of fear, say I."

"Hush, Mr. Smith," said Burnet, looking round apprehensively. "Even consecrated walls have ears ; and it were wiser not to whisper such thoughts as these even to our own hearts. But this pile was not reared in a day, and what has been destroyed may yet be rebuilt."

"What, then ?" asked Mr. Smith, impatiently. "You speak in parables."

"Simply this, that the builders are here among us, gathering up the fragments of the ancient Church that are buried beneath sorer ruins than these. And the stones thus built up, one by one, are cemented together by the missionary's blood. But centuries may pass before the edifice can regain its former state-likeness. Generations of missionaries may spend their lives in such tasks without the knowledge that their labours have been fruitful. All that signifies but little. We toil, not like the fabled Sisyphus, in rolling up the mountain-side a stone that evermore recoils upon us : we may be few and weak, but unseen hands uphold us ; and the work, of whose slow progress you complain, will be completed in Heaven's own time."

Mr. Smith seemed startled and abashed, and did not reply until they had emerged from the shade of the monastic buildings, and stood again before the cottage ; and even then he seemed to speak with a strong effort, almost as if the words were forced from his lips.

"I ask your pardon, sir," he said, in a low tone. "God forbid I should impute blame to those who peril their lives in the good cause. But could they but feel, as I do, the gnawing pain, the restless craving that fills those who groan under this weary oppression ; who are tried beyond their powers of endurance ; to whom their native land is nothing more than a huge prison-house, wherein they are bound hand and foot, and flight is well-nigh impossible—could our devoted priests, I say, fully comprehend our miserable state, their counsels would not be so lacking in spirit ; so full of tameness and submission as they now are."

He spoke with fierce energy ; his lips quivered, and his eyes blazed with suppressed passion, as he recalled the sufferings of his fellow-Catholics.

But not a shade passed over the countenance of his impassable auditor, and laying his hand lightly on Mr Smith's sleeve, Burnet gently drew him into the cottage.

Before sunset, other horsemen called at the Priory, staying only for a short space, and leaving by different routes : but they all came, as they departed, alone.

The prior appeared to be holding quite a reception on that quiet summer evening.

CHAPTER II.—ON THE TRACK.

IT was late that night when Captain Burnet returned to Aston Manor. The old man whom we have denominated the prior, but whose real name was Nicholas Halton, had, despite the captain's earnest wishes, obstinately borne him company for more than half the journey, guiding him through lonely and unfrequented byways until they reached the nearest road to Aston, and even then the captain had great difficulty to persuade his voluntary guide to leave him.

The hamlet that lay almost at the gate of Lord Aston's domain was a small, unpretending group of cottages, overshadowed by the thickly-clustering trees; and from its midst arose the walls of the modest church, that in its best days could not have commanded a very ample congregation. But, small as it was, there was room to spare for the great family pew that the lord of the manor had introduced for the comfort and convenience of his family; and the farmers and labourers who, in obedience to the law, resorted every Sunday to the little temple, were sparsely dotted over the benches that were furnished for their accommodation.

As Burnet busied himself with the fastenings of the gate, the clatter of hoofs sounded on the road, and looking round, he observed a small party of horsemen approaching from the village below.

The leader pulled up as he came abreast of the gate, and glanced sharply at the captain, who stood in an attitude of expectation, his face turned to the light of the moon.

"This is Lord Aston's, I believe?" said the newcomer, finding that Burnet did not move.

The captain bowed an assent, and, the gate being now open, stood aside to allow the horsemen to enter. There was a momentary hesitation, and the cavalcade passed on; but they waited until Burnet joined them, and, keeping him in their midst, rode up to the house together.

"We are strangers, it seems, sir," said the leader; a heavy, thick-set personage, who had been curiously scanning the appearance of Burnet. "Although I know most people about here, I cannot call to mind that we have met before."

"Probably not," said Burnet. "I have been here but a short time; and I owe it to an accident that befell me lately, that I have the honour to be the guest of Lord Aston."

"Accident!" ejaculated the other. "Then you are the gentleman who narrowly escaped being roasted alive yonder with some of my fellows a month since? I am the sheriff of the county, Peter Mandrill, sir, at your service."

The effect of this announcement, made in rather pompous tones, was a little spoilt in the bustle that followed their arrival at the main entrance of the mansion.

Some servants came out with torches, and, in the sudden blaze of light, the sheriff could not restrain a momentary glance of keen inquiry at his chance acquaintance, who leisurely dismounted, and ascended the flight of steps that gave access to the hall, with an appearance of utter indifference to the presence of the august sheriff.

Although it was summer, a large wood fire burned upon the spacious hearth, and before it were grouped the family of Lord Aston. London manners had not penetrated into rural districts at that time, and, after the manner of his ancestors, Lord Aston usually made the hall the family room; but as a concession to modern habits, a huge screen was partially drawn across the hall, that gave a little more privacy to the inmates, and hid them from the watchful observation of the servants, who occupied themselves in their various duties at the further end.

The peer was sitting near the fire, his hand resting upon the head of a fine mastiff, that rose and growled fiercely, displaying a formidable array of glistening fangs, as the strange footfalls of the visitors resounded on the checkered pavement.

"Down, Wolf; down, sir!" said Lord Aston. "Who have we here? Some benighted travellers who have lost their way? Ah, good Master Mandrill, welcome, although you come late. Did our friend, Captain Burnet, meet you on the road?"

"I hope you are come to pay us a visit of courtesy this time, Master Mandrill, and not upon any odious business errand," said Lady Aston; a handsome person of middle age, who rose to greet the visitor.

"I never see Master Mandrill but I dream of that terrible scene we witnessed at Warwick. Oh, the horrible butchery!" said a younger lady, with a look of unaffected horror.

The sheriff stood awkwardly gazing at the speakers, as if uncertain whether to take their remarks in jest or earnest; but remembering that he did not make the laws, and that the execution of them must be confided to some one, without regard to his feelings or taste, he strove to recover his dignity by a little rough badinage.

"Who could think of business in such enchanting company, Lady Aston?" he said, trying to modulate his coarse, harsh voice to the tone of flattery, coolly seating himself the while at the board, that displayed the remains of a very substantial meal. "If I had not been so old an acquaintance of these charming young ladies, beshrew me, but I should refuse to believe that they were your ladyship's daughters. But time flies with them, as with such old birds as my lord and me. But for you, Lady Aston, he does not budge an inch. You can stay his march like

Moses, or Aaron—which was it?—who made the sun stand still when the Jews passed through the Red Sea.”

The ladies laughed at the absurd compliment; and the sheriff, after plunging his nose into the depths of a capacious flagon of ale, looked round with a complacent smirk, as if he had said a remarkably handsome thing, and then proceeded to attack a huge pie that stood conveniently near him.

“Now I will wager my best nag against the veriest screw that ever was bred,” he said, pausing for a moment with his mouth full, “that you would not have laughed at that, Miss Philippa, if a young and handsome stripling had said it. Nor you either, Miss Grace.”

“No young man would have had the folly to tell us that we were as old as our mother,” said Philippa, with slightly-curling lip.

“Nay, but Master Mandrill means a young man of his own sober age,” said Grace.

“Oh, worse and worse,” said Lady Aston. “Your gallantry is thrown away upon such thankless creatures, Master Mandrill.”

“Ah, it was different when I was young,” said the sheriff with a sigh, trying to look sentimental. “Ladies did not jest at me then. This is a most toothsome pasty. You have the finest venison, my lord, that it has been my good fortune to taste for many a day. But you do not join me, Captain Burnet. My ride has given me an appetite. Did you journey far to-day?”

Burnet was engaged in a whispered conversation, on the further side of the hearth, with a young lady of extreme beauty—a dark, oval face, with clearly-defined, regular features; and her hair, dark and glossy as the raven's wing, was arranged in a cluster of curls above the smooth forehead. And the sheriff was surprised to meet her fixed and somewhat unfriendly glance, as she raised her luminous and expressive eyes as he spoke.

“Oh, uncle,” she said, turning from the sheriff and addressing Lord Aston, “Captain Burnet has been to the Priory to-day. I should dearly like to see the place again. Do let us ride there to-morrow.”

“With all my heart, child,” said Lord Aston. “But you had best provide yourself with some creature comforts if you do not wish to be starved. The prior keeps no table now, as they did of old times, and lives upon simples and water, and the like sorry cheer they say.”

“Those idolatrous remains should be razed to the earth,” remarked the sheriff, grimly. “They do but keep alive a spirit of sympathy for the superstitious founders. I have heard people lamenting the good times of the monks, as though,” he added contemptuously, “there could have been anything worthy of remembrance in those abominable Popish days.”

Captain Burnet's companion shot a rapid, eager glance at the sheriff.

"But why are you so desirous of rooting out these Papists?" she asked. "There do not seem to be many of them; and I have never been able to learn in what they have offended."

"In what have they *not* offended, Miss Hilda?" rejoined the sheriff, astonished at such a question. "Their religion is unlawful: that is enough for any good subject of King James; it is a mark of disloyalty—nay, it is no less than high treason. They would hand us over to the Spanish cut-throats; people the land with monks and nuns, and heaven knows what besides; or blow us out of our beds with their Powder Plots. Why, if they once got the upper hand, we should be burned or racked, as the holy Reformers were in Queen Mary's time; and what would then become of our religion?"

"They are too few to cause any fears on that score," said Lord Aston.

"Few!" said the sheriff, impatiently. "They are far too many to let us live in peace! Like noxious weeds, they grow as fast as we cut them down, or trample them underfoot. They are not so few, but they can plot with Master Raleigh to seize the sacred person of the king; or seek to blow up his majesty, with all the lords and commons to boot. And just think for one moment," and he looked solemnly from side to side, "think what would have been the consequences if they had succeeded in their villainous design."

He threw himself back in his chair, as though he had effectually disposed of the question; and seizing the tankard to refresh himself therewith, drank confusion to all Popish knaves.

"Well," said Lord Aston, "whatever they did in the past, has been, I think, more than avenged. I am not sure that if I had to pay a fine of twenty pounds every month, and spent half my life in jail, to say nothing of my house being searched from time to time by a lot of rude fellows—no offence to you, Master Sheriff—I should find my loyalty put to a very severe test. If a man is driven to utter desperation, I know not what is to be expected of him, if he possesses a grain of spirit, but that he should strike in turn, if he find the opportunity."

"Well, we must draw the dogs' fangs, and render them harmless," said the sheriff, with savage emphasis. "They have been rather active of late; and, spite of all my vigilance, they contrive to slip through my fingers. But I know pretty well all the recusants in the county, and what goes on at their houses. I have them all in my list. I have had news of a cunning fox of a Jesuit within the past week. He is lurking hereabouts, it is said. I shall run him to earth yet."

"How cruel it is," said Hilda, her face flushing indignantly, "to harry these poor creatures in so inhuman a fashion! If I

were one of them, you should not hunt me so, without getting some hard knocks for your pains. You might kill me; but not before I had wiped out some of the bitter debt I owed."

"Truly, I think you would," said the sheriff, scowling at her, and feeling more angry at the glance of approval that appeared in Burnet's eye, as he listened to her speech. "But these are dangerous words, young lady; and spoken beneath any other roof than this, might bring you to jail."

Lady Aston, seeing that the conversation was taking an unpleasant turn, now rose; and bidding the rest a good night and pleasant slumber, left the hall. Her example was speedily followed by the others; and in a few minutes the sheriff and Lord Aston remained the sole occupants of the place.

Lord Aston was getting tired and drowsy; but manfully exerting himself to display his usual courtesy to his guest, whom he heartily wished a hundred miles off, he sat winking his eyes, and vainly trying to repress a frequent yawn.

The sheriff, however, was wide awake, and very thoughtful; pondering doubtfully, and trying to find, in the crackling logs, a clue to some vague suspicions that flitted through his brain. Suddenly he asked:

"Can you tell me who this Captain Burnet is, Lord Aston? Is he a friend of yours?"

"I cannot tell you much about him," replied Lord Aston, rousing himself. "It is said that he is on some mission from Master Cecil. We got him out of the fire at Fenner's place, when you burnt the cottage."

"Indeed!" said the other, slowly, as if thinking aloud. "He was lodging there with a recusant who is now in jail. I will have Master Fenner racked when I get back again, and see what he can tell. But what can his errand be? Has he told your lordship?"

"No," said Lord Aston, sleepily; "I have not cared to ask him. It is, I conceive, no business of mine. Why not question him yourself, if you have any curiosity on the subject?"

"To tell you the truth, Lord Aston," said the sheriff, "I should be afraid to interfere with him, if he be what you say he is. I had the ill-luck to arrest one of Master Cecil's people by mistake, a month or two ago, and was summoned to London to answer for it. It was only my well-known zeal against the Papists that served me, or I should have had to change places with the prisoner. I got soundly rated; and I suspect that I should not be let off so easily if I blundered into the same offence again. But I will know something more of our friend before I leave."

He remained in the same thoughtful attitude for some time, leaning forward with his hands on his knees, his eyes still fixed upon the fire.

He roused himself at last, and observing that Lord Aston had gone to sleep, he got up and made a clatter with the fire-irons, raking the embers together with such vigour that Lord Aston started up, rubbing his eyes, and muttering some apologies for his drowsiness, offered to show the guest to his chamber.

(*To be continued.*)

THE "BEAUTIFUL" IN ART.

ART, whose principle is variety combined in harmonious unity, when it exalts the mind by the representation of objects, scenes, situations, and images of beauty, power, sublimity, perfection, operates as an accessory to religion as to those systems of philosophy whose object is to unify and felicitate human minds, by raising them to a standard of high moral and ideal excellence. Art has received many definitions. "*C'est la forme*," says Madame Dudevant. "It is nature concentrated," says Balzac. But, including these conditions, it may, in its higher phases, be termed Life and Nature spiritualized—reality in part reflected, in part idealized. The mission of the highest minds—or those who unite love and imagination, and are poets and artists; or love and reason, and are sages; or love and action, and are holy men and heroes (for the original meaning of "hero" is from *eros*, love)—is to render all life diviner. The more complex our spiritual civilization, when governed by the principles of utility and beauty, the nobler it becomes. Any influence which idealizes reality into a higher beauty and associative harmony, tends to perfect society; and Art contributes to that end, by perpetuating the results of the highest emotional and ideal genius: thus constituting an ennobling presence in this world-temple of the Deity in space. Properly estimated, high Art should deal solely with what we call divine—that is, with what is true, beautiful, loveable, loving and useful. All that intelligence recognises as worthy of love, should be held sacred, and everything sacred should be rendered as beautiful as possible—our religion, temples, homes, lives. The same principle should be impressed on works of ordinary utility, albeit their beauty is best illustrated in their use. Thus, our cities, which are sacred, as the vast homes of human life, should be rendered as beautiful as may be, and primarily healthy; as health, together with being the condition for the full exertion of human energies, is a main source both of happiness and of beauty. Order, symmetry, light and shade are the principles of Grecian architecture; the Gothic is more imaginative, capricious; its cathedral aisles repre-

senting the avenues of the forest, its pinnacles the aspiring form of the tree, its ornamentation the endless variety of intervening branch and disposition of foliage. Perhaps northern architecture might be still further improved by rendering it the symbol, not alone of the tree, but of the cloud, whose forms are little less lovely, noble and various. Looking at one of those surging masses of white summer cloud, distantly crossed by perpendicular poplars, one recalls the form of St. Sophia with its domes and minarets. Combinations of the above objects and emblems suggest to the fancy certain new beauties which might be appropriately introduced into the domain of architecture. Again, fountains might be rendered most beautiful objects; and there is no structural work which admits more of the application of poetical design in which the lovely forms of tree and cloud might be united.

Material civilization is the basis of our social system; higher in order is our moral civilization, which is aided by it, but is founded on principles wholly apart from it—the eternal principles of right and wrong; above both these utilitarian regions is the domain of Art—or æsthetical civilization—the ideal domain, in which beautiful objects and beautiful emotions and imaginations are represented—the useful below and around, the poetic and sacred, above. The conceptions of the artist are only limited by the horizon of nature; but as it is his business to educate his mind and those of others for the recognition of all charms of form, colour, sound, feeling and fancy, and exert his faculties in their combinations, it is the function of the artist-poet to extract Beauty from all things—to idealize nature and life into a higher loveliness, and thus elevate both towards the Deity—the Spirit of Divine Perfection, whose ministers true artists thus become. Now, how are we to define Beauty, whose domain, objective and subjective, is so various and so wide? It may be said to consist in any symmetrical relation of forms, contrasts and gradations of colours or sounds, harmony of qualities, contrast of situations, which awaken in the soul feelings and associations of admiration and of love. To understand a subject thoroughly, is essential to conception and execution; while to love it, is the secret of making it a living product of the mind, and of evolving a perfection. Kant says (in his *Æsthetik*): "Disinterestedness distinguishes the satisfaction which the beautiful produces; we love it for itself, without having any interest in it as we have in the good;" but it may be suggested that we *have* an interest in it, as its contemplation affords one of the highest sensible and ideal pleasures to ourselves and others. Majesty in simplicity, chastity in grace, ideality in harmony, are among the elements of true beauty. Art deals, of course, with many subjects which are not in themselves beautiful; the artist selects for treatment many subjects and themes with the object of producing powerful impressions—selects, in brief, any subject which can be rendered interesting and attractive. But it is laid down

as a fundamental principle of æsthetics, that there can be no work of true art which is not in some way beautiful, either in its subject, its treatment, or its purpose—*i.e.*, with reference to the moral emotions it elicits. Any work of art which satisfies the mind, produces a harmony therein: but whatever the material may be, or how little lovely it may be in itself or its details, it must leave, as its result, the impression of Beauty, either in the choice and treatment of the subject, or its spiritual inference. To take an illustration from literature—Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes" is surpassingly beautiful in its objective painting. Again, a tragedy may be repulsive in its character and situations, yet beautiful in its moral effect. Even in pictures, such as Guiricault's "Wreck of the Medusa," where the object was to paint horror, the pathos of utter desolation affects the æsthetical sentiment; and this picture could have been rendered far more dramatic, if in point of time a moment had been selected for representing the situation of the groups on the raft, before they had succumbed to the paralysis of despair.

The cultivation of the sentiment of Beauty through the exhibition of works of art is one the most refining and delightful of those influences which are vital in our current civilization. Everyone is rendered more elevated and better by studying, understanding and appreciating a fine composition, or piece of music, a statue or picture—a Poem whether in sound, language, paint or marble. And as Moral Beauty is of a higher order than physical or intellectual, so are, comparatively, the works in which it is embodied. Whether pictorial art is purely realistic or eclectic, the same result follows, as the mind of the observer is thus, so to speak, toned to accord with the harmonies of the universe, which is impregnated with the beauty of the Deitific soul. As in the foundation of the system of life we have, first, material improvement, and next moral and social advance, so its last development and blossom is that æsthetical element produced by the enjoyment of beautiful objects and emotions in the higher works of art to which we advert. "So from the root springs lightly the green stalk, the leaves more airy; last the bright consummate flower-spirit odorous breathes"—and the more a people are afforded facilities for cultivating their taste and the sense of Beauty, derived from their observation of external nature, and the fine moods of poets and artists, the higher is their status in the domain of Being, and the more elevated the degree of happiness of which they are thus rendered capable.

The appreciation of Beauty appears to have been an innate principle in the minds of the ancient Greek race to a greater degree than in any other ancient people. It is manifested not only in their architecture, where we have the beauty dependent on formal order in relation to light and shade, and in their literature and mythology, but in many of the regulations of their

social life—as, for example, the custom of interring the young at dawn, the mature at noon, the old in the evening, &c., &c. On a subject so familiar we need not dwell; but, as a telling illustration of that love for the Beautiful, which the Greek mind regarded as the highest influence in life, may refer to its exposition in the discourse of Agathon, in the Banquet of Plato; and to the expression which Xenophon, in his Symposium, puts into the mouth of Critobulus—"I swear by all the gods, I would not choose the power of Persia's king in preference to the love of the Beautiful." It need not be added that in our more complex modern life, the same sense of beauty, and one of far wider relations, physical, moral and intellectual, exists. We superadd, so to speak, the variety of the Gothic to the order of the Greek intelligence—our life includes a wider horizon. In a world of work and business such as ours, the portion of time which most are enabled to allot to the cultivation of æsthetical taste is very limited; hence the necessity of directing their choice of the best works of Art—and especially those of Literature—with which the precious hours of leisure may be employed. Considering the elevating influences which a taste for works of true art elicits in a community, and the lasting intellectual results derived from their enjoyment and contemplation, the affording of facilities for forming an acquaintance with them has now become one of the most necessary and important functions of the directors and developers of our civilization.

N. W.

CLONMACNOISE.

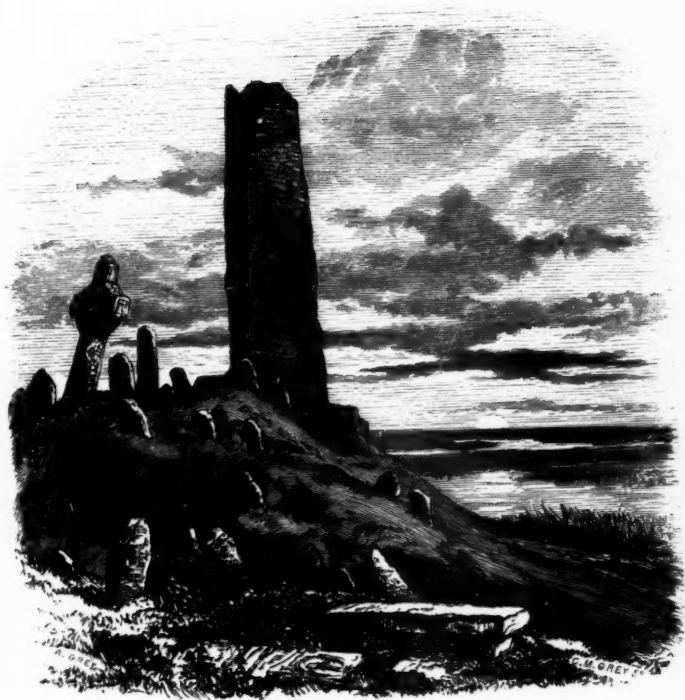
ON the eastern bank of the Shannon, seven miles below Athlone, a venerable group of ecclesiastical ruins marks the site of the ancient monastic city of St. Ciaran, at Clonmacnoise. Amid a scene of solemn, desolate grandeur, sentinels of the past, the storm-beaten cross and ivied pillar-tower, whose changing shadows fall upon the forgotten tombs of kings and warriors, saints and sages, proclaim that here stood one of the olden sanctuaries which during a thousand years were the pride and glory of Catholic Ireland, the peaceful homes of piety and learning in the mediæval centuries, when the land of the Gael was "the School of the West."

In the number of illustrious saints who, in the dawn of the fifth century, treading in the sacred footsteps of the great Apostle of Ireland, by their heroic labours, secured deep and solid the foundations of her Catholicity, the patron of Clonmacnoise holds distinguished rank. St. Ciaran, born A.D. 516, was a native of

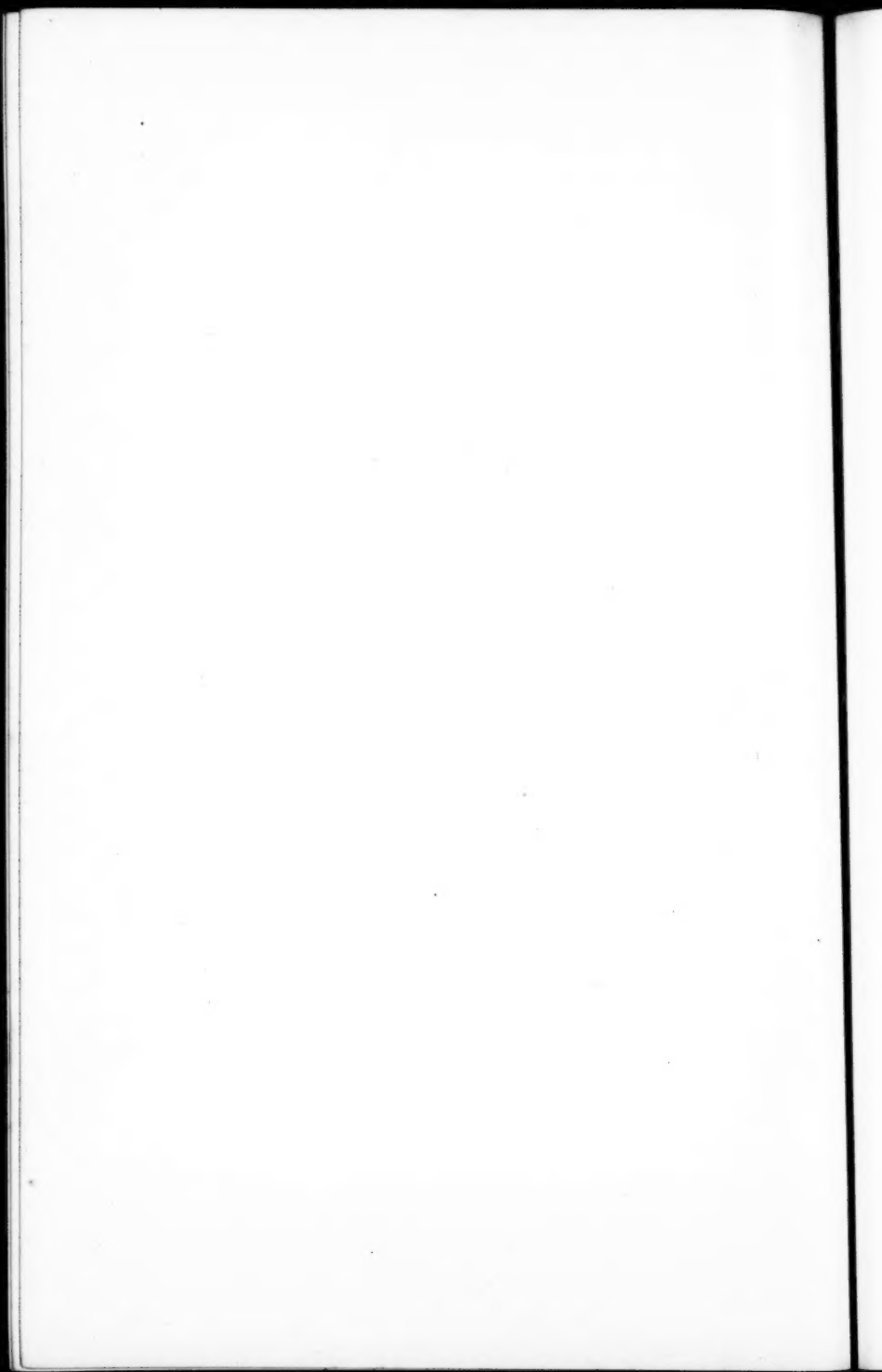
Roscommon, where his father, who followed the occupation of a carpenter, had settled, after migrating from Ulster. In his childhood the rudiments of a Christian education were imparted to him by St. Justus,* a disciple of St. Patrick, from whom he had received the sacrament of regeneration. The period of youth had already advanced, when Ciaran repaired to the school of Clonard, to pursue his studies under the great St. Finian. Upon the completion of his ecclesiastical course, having obtained the blessing of his sainted preceptor, he departed for the monastery of St. Nennidius, then recently founded in one of the islands of Lough Erne. After some time spent in this retreat, Ciaran, desirous of studying the austere rule of St. Enda, repaired to the celebrated monastery in the Island of Arran, where he passed seven years, and, at the end of that term, went first to St. Senan of Inniscathy, and subsequently withdrew to *Inis Ainghin*, in Lough Ree, whither he was followed by a great number of disciples. Here the saint established a monastery; but, within a very brief period, the concourse of ascetics who sought permission to live under his rule became so great, that the accommodation upon the island was found inadequate, and the holy abbot resolved to seek a site for a new foundation. Leaving his disciple Adomnan to preside over the community at *Inis Ainghin*, Ciaran repaired to the eastern bank of the Shannon, where he laid the foundation of a small church at Clonmacnoise, A.D. 549.

At that time, Diarmaid, son of Fergus Cerrbheoil, grandson of Niall of the Nine Hostages, was a fugitive upon the borders of Meath. At the death of Muirheartach, first Christian monarch of Ireland, Tuathal Maelgarbh, grandson of Cairbre, one of the fourteen sons of Niall, had grasped the sceptre of Tara. Finding his claim to the dignity of *Ard-Righ* disputed by Diarmaid, he banished the rival prince from the territory of Meath. Diarmaid, attended by his foster-brother, retreated to the wilds of the Upper Shannon, where he passed nine years in exile, solaced only by the devotion of a few friends and the occasional hospitality extended by some of the neighbouring chieftains of Meath and Connaught, who commiserated his hard fortune. During the period of his wanderings, Diarmid had become acquainted with St. Ciaran, and on the occasion when the saint set out from *Inis Ainghin*, the outlawed prince, then sojourning in the neighbourhood, followed the holy abbot to Clonmacnoise. The annals relate that when St. Ciaran was in the act of erecting the first pole of the new church, he turned to the prince, who was assisting at the work, and said, "Plant the pole with me, and let my hand be above your hand upon it, and your hand and your sovereign sway shall ere long be over the men of Erin." The royal exile obeyed—the words of the saint were prophetic.

* Dr. Lanigan, Eccles. Hist., vol. ii., cap. x.



RUINS AT CLONMACNOISE.



That same night, Maelmor, foster-brother of Diarmaid, having ascertained that Tuathal had repaired, with some nobles of his court, to the northern confines of Meath, mounting a steed of remarkable fleetness, and departed secretly from Clonmacnoise. Arrived at his destination, with the bleeding heart of a whelp fixed upon the point of his spear,* he demanded audience of the monarch. Tuathal, who had proclaimed a reward to the party that would bring him the heart of his rival, deceived by the stratagem, ordered the stranger to be admitted to his presence. Forthwith Maelmor, advancing to the monarch, transfixed him with his weapon. The assassin had resolved to confide for escape to the swiftness of his steed; but instantly arrested in his flight, he paid with life the forfeit of his daring. The tragic end of Tuathal was no sooner known throughout Meath, than Diarmaid, surrounded by the chieftains favourable to his cause, was conducted with royal pomp to Tara.

"Fanciful as this account of the origin of the far-famed Clonmacnoise may at first sight appear," writes Professor Eugene O'Curry, "there still exists, on the spot, evidence of its veracity which the greatest sceptic would find it difficult to explain away. There stands within the ruined precincts of this ancient monastery a stone cross, on which, among many other subjects, are sculptured the figures of two men, holding an erect staff or pole between them; and although the erection of the cross may belong, as I believe it does, to the beginning of the tenth century, and although it was then set up, no doubt, to commemorate the building of the great church by the monarch Flann and the abbot Colman, there can be but little doubt, if any, that the two figures of men holding the pole, were intended to perpetuate the memory of the manner of founding of the primitive *Eglais Beg*, or Little Church, the history of which was then, at least, implicitly believed."†

The holy founder did not long survive to rule with paternal solicitude the church and monastery destined to perpetuate his name. In seven months from the laying of the foundation of Clonmacnoise, St. Ciaran, then in his thirty-third year, passed calmly to his reward.

Around the lowly sanctuary of St. Ciaran, within a brief period from its foundation, arose one of those vast monastic cities which not alone revived in the Isle of the West the heroic asceticism and glories of the Thebaid, but, moreover, became so many centres of culture and enlightenment, whither repaired, to drink of the fountains of knowledge, students from every nation in Christendom. Clonmacnoise vied with Clonard and Bangor, both in the number of its religious and in the renown of the scholars who were inscribed on the roll of its distinguished *alumni*.

* "Annals of Clonmacnoise."

† "MS. Materials of Irish History."

Among the latter, O'Curry makes special mention of the following. Saint Colchu, the friend of Alcuin, A.D. 791. Suibhné, styled by Florence of Worcester the most esteemed writer of the Scots, A.D. 892. Colman Mac Ailill, sage, doctor, and abbot, 924. Fiachtna, Abbot of Iona, A.D. 1024, and the great annalist Tighe-nach, "a doctor in learning, wisdom and oratory," A.D. 1088.

As a favourite place of pilgrimage, the shrine of St. Ciaran became celebrated throughout Ireland; and there is deep pathos in the simplicity with which the annalists record, at intervals, the death of prince and anchorite, who closed their mortal career in this holy retreat "after the victory of penance." By the Irish princes the sanctuary of St. Ciaran* was munificently endowed; and many of the kings and nobles of Meath, Connaught, and Munster chose its consecrated enclosure for their last resting-place. "This cathedral," says Ware, "was heretofore endowed with large possessions, and was above all others famous for the sepulchres of nobility and bishops."†

Among the churches and oratories of Clonmacnoise, two are specially referred to in the Irish annals, viz., the Church of *Teampull Finghin*, mentioned by the annalist Tighernach at the date of A.D. 1015; and the Cathedral, *Damliag*, erected by Flann, Monarch of Ireland, and Colman, Abbot of Clonmacnoise and Clonard. Dr. Petrie gives a lengthened notice of the former of these structures, which he considers, from its ornamental character, of considerable antiquity. He states, on the authority of Tighernach, "that the Finghin after whom this church was called, was a saint of the primitive Irish Church, after whom a holy well in the immediate vicinity of the church was called *Tiprait Fingen*." This church was the cemetery of the Mac-Carthys, princes of Desmond.

The erection of the Cathedral Church of Clonmacnoise is thus recorded in the "Four Masters":—

A.D. 904—The Damliag of Clonmacnoise was erected by King Flann Sinna and by Colman Conailleach.

A.D. 924—Colman, son of Ailill, Abbot of Cluain-Iraid and Cluain-mic-nois, a bishop and wise doctor, died. It was by him the *Damliag* of Cluain-mic-nois was built.

Partly to commemorate the building of this church, and also intended as a memorial monument to the royal founder, the magnificent Celtic cross, known in the Annals by the appellation

* "Clonmacnoise is usually written in the later Annals Cluain-mic-Nois, which has been translated, and is very generally believed to mean 'the retreat of the sons of the noble'; a name which it was thought to have received either because the place was much frequented by the nobility as a retirement in their old age, or because it was the burial-place of so many kings and chiefs. But this guess could never be made by any one having the least knowledge of Irish: for in the original name the last two syllables are in the genitive singular, not in the genitive plural. *Nos* (gen *nois*), indeed, means noble, but here it is the name of a person who is historically known, and Cluain-mic-Nois means the meadow of the son of *Nos*."—*Irish Names of Places*—Joyce.

† "Antiquities."

Cros na Screaptra—Cross of the Scriptures—from the sacred subjects relating to the Life of our Lord sculptured on three of its sides, was erected by the Abbot Colman.* On the eastern side of this cross is read the following inscription:—"A prayer for Colman who made this cross on the King Flann."

Of the two *Cloictheachs*, or Round Towers, at Clonmacnoise, the smaller was attached to the *Teampull Finghin*, of which it formed an integral part. The greater *Cloictheach*, known as O'Rourke's Tower (represented in the illustration), was completed, according to the "Four Masters," in 1124, by Ua-Macloin, successor of Ciaran. It is thus described by Dr. Petrie:—

"This tower is constructed of a fine sand-stone, and its masonry is laid in regular courses, except about twenty feet of the upper portion, which is, of course, masonry of undressed limestone, and which, like the upper part of the Round Tower of Tullaherin, in the County of Kilkenny, and some others, is evidently the work of a later period than the lower part. It rests, as usual, on a projecting circular plinth, and measures fifty-six feet in circumference at its base. Its present height is but sixty-two feet, in addition to which we must allow about seventeen feet for the conical roof, which is now wanting; but there is no reason to doubt that it was originally one of the highest of its kind in Ireland, for, as I have already remarked, it was not restored to its original altitude when the present upper portion was re-erected. The wall is three feet nine inches in thickness. The interior exhibits rests for four stories, including that on a level with the doorway, and beneath which there was a fifth story not lighted. The second and third stories are each lighted by a single quadrangular aperture, and the upper story contains eight openings of the same form."

Under the date A.D. 1135, in the "Four Masters," the following entry records the destruction of the conical roof of this tower by lightning:—

A.D. 1135—Lightning struck off the head of the *Cloictheach* of Cluain-mic-nois, and pierced the *Cloictheach* of Ros Cree.

During the stormy centuries, while the Northern pirates struggled with fierce, determined, but fruitless effort for the mastery in Ireland, the city of St. Ciaran, as the following entries in the Annals record, suffered frequent violence from the fury of their barbarian hordes. A similar fate befell the other sanctuaries of the island:—

A.D. 841—The plundering of Cluain-mic-nois by the foreigners of Linn-Duachaille.

A.D. 843—An expedition by Turgeis, lord of the foreigners, upon Loch Ribh, so that they plundered Connaught and Meath, and burnt Clonmacnoise, with its oratories.

[Dr. O'Donovan, in a note on this entry, says, "that Duaid MacFirbis states, in his account of the Danish families in Ireland, that Turgesius took possession of and held

* Dr. Petrie, "Round Towers."

his residence at Clonmacnoise, and that his wife was wont to issue her orders to the people from the high altar of the cathedral.]

A.D. 921—The plundering of Cluain-mic-nois by the foreigners of Luimneach, and they came upon Loch Ribh, and plundered all its islands.

A.D. 934—Cluain-mic-nois was plundered by the foreigners of Ath-Cliath.

A.D. 941—Cluain-mic-nois and Cill-dara were plundered by the foreigners of Ath-Cliath. . . . A great flood in this year, so that the lower half of Cluain-mic-nois was swept away by the water.

A.D. 944—The plundering of Cluain-mic-nois and the other churches of Meath by the foreigners of Ath-Cliath.

A.D. 951—Cluain-mic-nois was plundered by the men of Munster and the Danes of Luimneach along with them.

The brilliant and decisive victory of Clontarf gave the death-blow to the power of the Northmen in this country; but Ireland slowly recovered from the injuries received during two centuries of incessant warfare, and with wounds only partially healed, found herself engaged with a more formidable power in a deadlier struggle for national existence. Heroically she maintained the prolonged, unequal contest, but at length, overpowered by the iron arm of the Tudor despot, succumbed to the foreign yoke. Ere the closing hour of her national independence had tolled, her ancient sanctuaries had been desecrated by the stranger, her beautiful abbeys lay roofless and desolate; the lamp had been torn from the shrine, and the altar overthrown. The sad fate of the venerable Clonmacnoise is thus pathetically recorded by the annalists:—

“A.D. 1552—Clonmacnoise was plundered and devastated by the English of Athlone, and the large bells were taken from the Cloitheach. There was not left, moreover, a bell, small or large; an image or an altar, or a book or a gem, or even glass in a window from the wall of the church out which was not carried off. Lamentable was this deed—the plundering of the city of Kieran—the holy patron.”

WINTER CLOUDS.

WINT'RY splendours, superb vapours, white

With the cold sunshine, hang in air around

The sky of morning, motionless in light;

And, from the void of icy blue o'erhead,

Fall a few flakes of frost upon the ground,

Mingling with hail, amid the darkness shed:

While in the sombre northern spaces, low

Clouds, vague in form, advancing with their snow,

Phantom-like, blurred in shadow, numbly loom

In a dim frozen tumult; whence a dead

Air breathes all day:—then shine, a realm of wonder,

Smitten by sunset; till a wind, like doom,

Topples, the while they mount the void with gloom,

Those lurid, ruining cloud-towers of the thunder.

A. F.

NOVELS AND NOVEL READERS.*

BY R. P. CARTON.

THE great increase of novels and of novel readers is one of the most marked literary characteristics of the present day. The best writers of our age are daily lavishing all the wealth of their culture, and the entire strength of their intellectual nature, in fashioning mimic characters, surrounding them with mimic accessories, and making them move for us in mimic scenes through every possible incident that goes to make up the sum of human life. They bring to their task the poet's imagination, the orator's burning power of expression, and the painter's eye. And as the optician makes the same bits of coloured glass assume a thousand shapes in a kaleidoscope, so do they daily present to us in their fictions a thousand new combinations of such old-fashioned materials as birth, marriage, and death—sin and suffering—poverty and riches—the evil effects of man's greed and selfishness, the undying strength of woman's love. They ransack history for our amusement, and making all the results of modern research and modern science contribute to their works, they give us pictures of every age and clime and people. One has restored Pompeii for us, and peopled its long silent streets with the men and women and little children who lived there during those "last days," and perished in that fearful doom of fire and ashes. The same gifted hand has restored for us Saxon and feudal England, and brought back to life the brave prince who fell at Hastings, and the mighty form of the king-making Warwick, the last of the great English barons. Another builds up for us the broken arches of the Coliseum and the ruined columns of the Forum—places us amidst the cruel and pitiless scenes of the arena, or in the holy silence of the Catacombs, till the daily life of Imperial Rome becomes as familiar to us as the life of our own cities. One makes us traverse the trackless fields of ice and snow that lie around the Pole, and follow the Arctic voyager on his dreary and perilous journey. Another fixes the scene of his story in a little island in the southern seas, or amid the strange forms of an Australian landscape. Others love to linger near home, and going down into the cabins of the Irish peasantry, find in their poor surroundings, and in the love, and faith, and patient endurance of their daily lives, the richest materials for their art. One mightier than them

* A Lecture delivered to the Members of St. Mary's Branch of the Catholic Union.

all has wandered back to the days of mediæval story, of border-battle, and of feudal chivalry, and made them live for us again in such a varied number of scenes of "ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth," I would get to my lecture's end before I had concluded the catalogue. The novel, too, in later years has been made to subserve the purposes of the political economist, the reformer and the satirist. If a social change is to be advocated, or a social evil scourged, or even a legal reform agitated for, a novel is the surest vehicle for reaching the public mind. "Oliver Twist," for example, led up to the improvement of the Poor Laws. The abolition of imprisonment for debt was powerfully advocated by those pictures of life in a debtor's prison, which were drawn with so much fidelity, humour and pathos in "Pickwick" and in "Little Dorrit." The treatment of prisoners in some model prisons, furnished to Mr. Charles Reade the subject of his powerful story, "It is Never too Late to Mend." The shameful state of the marriage laws which recently existed in Ireland, and which still exist in Scotland, supplied Mr. Wilkie Collins with materials for contriving those painful situations, tangled perplexities, and harrowing incidents which give such interest to "Man and Wife." While novels have gone on thus increasing in number, in power and in variety of aim and subject, novel readers have increased with even a more rapid ratio. The novel, the magazine, and the newspaper form the staple of the reading of most men. The novel and the magazine, if we are to believe the current number of the University Magazine, form the only reading of most ladies. The three blue, red, or green volumes bearing the labels of Greene, or Smith, or Morrow are common objects in every drawing-room; the gaudy boards of cheap editions are familiar to our eyes, and find ready purchasers on every railway book-stall.

And so, when novels are so numerous and novel readers so many, a few remarks about both cannot be considered inappropriate to a course of lectures in connection with the newly-opened library of your Branch, especially as novels have, and as I think wisely, been freely allowed places on its shelves. I am not going to advocate a habit of indiscriminate or even extensive novel reading—very far from it. But, at the same time, I am not going to set up for your adoption too high or impossible intellectual standards. I mean to assume as the basis of the observations I will address to you, that you will not be proof against the literary influences around you, and that you will, to some extent at all events, read novels. My object will be to point out to you the special evils and disadvantages of such reading—the dangers to be guarded against in its use—and again, to show you in what way, and within what limits, novels may be made a very important means of educational advancement and intellectual training.

The first evil of novel reading to which I will call your at-

tention, is the tendency it has to absorb all your leisure hours, and thus to turn away your attention altogether from books of a more useful and instructive character. This evil, though a negative one, is by no means to be treated lightly. It seems to me an evil—and I say this without any disrespect—likely to press very heavily on those for whom the libraries of the Union are especially intended. The increased rapidity of modern life, the fierce struggle for existence which rages everywhere around us, so taxes the mental and bodily energies, and puts such a strain on the whole powers of one's nature, that there is little left to expend on books. You cannot read everything, and you must prepare yourselves courageously at times to confess an ignorance of a great many things. And when a selection has to be made, it is all important that you should make that selection wisely. In making it you may learn a lesson from the fortunate suitor in the "Merchant of Venice," who wisely passed by the showy caskets of gold and silver, and turned to the unadorned leaden one, wherein the treasure lay. The Princes of Arragon and Morocco lost each a fortune and a wife because of their unlucky choice. And so will you lose a treasure beyond price, if you make an unhappy choice of books.

If you would strive to train your intellects—to cultivate your tastes—to fill your minds with knowledge, which will through life be a real help as well as a never-failing resource, you must often turn away from the seeming wealth and showy glitter of the novelist's pages for more serious and solid reading.

Now, the habit of novel-reading, if extensively indulged in, has an undoubted tendency to produce a distaste for this serious and solid reading, and to unfit the mind for graver studies. In reading a novel no strain is put upon the intellectual faculties. As remarked by De Quincey, in a passage too long to quote, it is only the meaner functions of the mind that are called into play. If the higher powers of our nature are for any length of time suffered "to rust in us unused," they quickly become weakened, and day by day there grows upon us a greater disinclination to exert them. It is so easy to glide from cover to cover of a book which tells a story with brilliancy, or at all events with what seems to be an intellectual smartness, that the hardened reader of novels soon turns with weariness and disgust from the history or the literary essay which requires some effort to fathom and understand. In time, the weakening of the mind, thus produced, is apparent in the very reading in which it pretends to employ itself. At first, some discrimination will be exercised—Scott will be preferred to G. P. R. James, and Trollope and Thackeray will be put before the vicious tales of "Ouida," or the trashy productions of the authoress of "Cometh up as a Flower." But soon the taste becomes deadened and blunted, and all sense or power of distinction or appreciation is lost. The very feeblest

and washiest story is then read as religiously, and with as much apparent interest and enjoyment, as if it were a second "Romola." I read an article lately, in one of the English literary journals, in which this habit of constant novel-reading was treated as a mental disease, analogous to that disease of the body whose symptoms are an alarming and morbid thirst. Physicians tell us that this disease produces a dropsical and flabby habit of body; and the writer of the article referred to showed how what he termed the novel-reading disease produced, in course of time, an analogous habit of mind in the unfortunate subjects in whom it became confirmed.

And when novel-reading is indulged in to any extent, to the exclusion of graver studies, it brings with it another and a very serious evil. To a mind uninstructed in the sober truths of history, of political economy, or of science—unfamiliar with the masterpieces of literature, or unaccustomed to apply the dogmas and precepts of religion to solve the problems of social life, novels are calculated, nay, they are almost certain, to produce many erroneous and some wholly false impressions. The novelist is not bound or expected to tell the truth absolutely, but to tell it only in degree. We must not expect to find in the historical novel the truth or the severity of history. We must not ask that the domestic novel, or the novel of incident, should be an exact literal transcript of facts, and an undeviating account of the consequences which in real life would have been their results. We cannot expect, from the novel having for its object the redress of some social grievance, or the furtherance of some social reformation, the same kind of accuracy which makes the value of a Parliamentary Blue Book. We have to grant to writers of fiction a wider and more extensive field. We have often to pardon an anachronism for the sake of a picturesque effect. We must allow facts to be taken for premises—particular isolated facts which may and have occurred—provided the conclusions are made to follow naturally, and the characters are represented acting, and the incidents resulting in the same manner as might have been expected supposing the assumed circumstances to have been real. "The probability," says Whateley, "which the writer of fiction aims at, has no tendency to produce a particular, but only a general belief, *i.e.*, not that these actually took place, but that such are likely to take place generally under such circumstances—this kind of belief being necessary, and all that is necessary to produce the sympathetic feeling which is the writer's object." It was on this ground that Aristotle contended for the seeming paradox that the end of fiction was more philosophic than that of history, since it aimed at general instead of particular truth. This general truth is all we can expect or ought to look for at the hands of the novelist. Not the truth of the historian, the reporter, or the statistician;

but the truth of the painter, the sculptor, and the poet. The novelist deals with facts, as the artist deals with the various features which compose his landscapes—bringing them prominently forward, toning them down in the middle distance, or placing them altogether in the background; counteracting the heaviness inseparable from a long series of saddening incidents by some stroke of humorous fancy, as he would relieve a dark mass of shade by some brilliant bit of colour, and using the completion of some favourite scheme, or a tender love-scene, as he would a light wreath of curling smoke, or a burst of straggling sunshine, to give light and life to the entire landscape. An example will, perhaps, best illustrate my meaning. Long before the publication of "Bleak House," the delay and expense of the Court of Chancery had often been a topic of public discussion and animadversion. Dickens wanted to show the effects of unsettled and unsettling circumstances on a young man of no great strength of mind or character, but a good fellow withal, and a fair average specimen of a nineteenth century young gentleman. He wanted, I say, to do this, and he threw Richard Carstone into Chancery. That, of course, effectually did for him, which was all the novelist required. The failure of the young man's projects, his purposeless wavering from one pursuit to another, follow naturally from the character of the suit in which he is described to have been engaged. But it would be unfair and wholly foreign, I am sure, from the author's intention to conclude that such results would always follow from a Chancery suit, or that "*Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*" fairly represents the cases which are being disposed of every day by Lord Cairns or Lord Chancellor Ball. But unless the novel-reader's mind is educated, in the highest meaning of that word, the license of the novelist will be taken for truth; the tricks he plays with history will be undetected; the pictures of past times, which are in every sense compositions, will be valued as if they were photographs; and his descriptions of men and manners will be believed in as if they were transcripts from real life. And the tricks that historical novelists do sometimes play with history are many and various. They contrive meetings which never took place; they tell of love passages between real men and women who never met in their lives; they muster armies which had existence only in their pages; and they picture battles which were never fought. Scott, for example, in "*Red Gauntlet*," brings the Chevalier St. George to England, in order that a striking tableau might be arranged for the fall of the curtain. I read, some time ago, a novel by a very popular writer—Mr. G. J. Whyte Melville—having Semiramis for the heroine, in which she and her consort, Ninus, are brought together with the bondage of the Jews in Egypt; a liberty with chronology which would have been paralleled if *Ivanhoe* and

Waverley had been made rivals in love, or Nigel and Brian de Bois Guilbert been brought together as brother students in the Temple. And these tricks are not the worst. The pictures are often disfigured and distorted by political bias, and still more often by religious prejudice. It is, no doubt, a very great misfortune for us that English literature should be saturated, as it undoubtedly is, with anti-Catholic feeling. This feeling is certainly as apparent in the field of historical novels as in any other branch of writing. Of late years many very beautiful novels in other classes have been written by Catholics. But of historical novels, Protestant or infidel writers have almost a monopoly. If we were to take our notions of European history, and especially of mediæval times, from Scott, or Bulwer, or James, or Victor Hugo, or Dumas, we would have very false notions indeed. They would make us believe that Abbot Boniface, or Sub-Prior Eustace, or Friar Bungay, were types of the mediæval monk; that the spiritual wants of the Parisians of the fifteenth century were ministered to by a parish priest like Claude Frolo; that the Templar and the nun were alike forgetful of their solemn vows; that religion was a mere observance of ceremonies; that superstition and ignorance were fostered, and all learning discouraged by the Church, so that serf and noble alike might be made more subservient to its purposes. We know, or we ought to know, how utterly false to all truth and history these teachings are. But they are presented to us in such subtle, and picturesque, and attractive shapes, that it is sometimes hard to detect their fallacy. It is, then, all-important to us Catholics that we should thoroughly read and know the true history of our religion, and the real part which has been played by the Catholic Church in the progress of European civilization. We should prove for ourselves, and by our own studies, that these so-called Dark Ages were in truth ages of enlightenment, because they were ages of faith. That the Church has ever been on the side of order, of real liberty, and of intellectual advancement; that by her the chains were struck from off the limbs of the slave, and by her woman's love was sanctified, because by her woman's purity was deemed a holy thing; that in the study of her dogmas, and in the teaching of her precepts, the subtlest intellects of the world have been trained; that for her architecture has achieved its greatest triumphs, and that for her, and in her honour, music has poured forth its most ravishing melodies; that she has inspired the brain of the poet, guided and encouraged the brush of the painter, and given to the sculptor his fairest ideals. When you feel and know all this, then, and not till then, should you venture to make an extensive acquaintance with historical novels. But with the knowledge I have urged you to acquire, you will have gained a talisman more potent than Ithuriel's spear, which will enable you to unmask

every error, no matter in what specious or seductive shape it may be concealed.

And as an uneducated mind will acquire from novels erroneous and false impressions of history, so will an inexperienced mind take up from the same sources many erroneous and false impressions of life. The lives that people lead in novels are in many ways unlike the lives that are being led by ourselves, and by the men and women with whom we daily come in contact. The scenes into which the novelist introduces us are, in general, perfectly unlike those which occur in the world. As his object is to please, he removes from his descriptions every circumstance which is disgusting, and presents us with histories of elegant and dignified, or, at least, picturesque distress. His characters are always seen at their best, and, as it were, in their holiday clothes. It costs nothing to give them youth, and beauty, and wealth, and brilliant talents, and captivating manners, and so these gifts are freely lavished. Vice is always punished, and virtue is in the end triumphant. The industrious apprentice always marries his master's daughter. Making love and getting married are treated as the main objects of life, and no matter what difficulties and obstacles have kept the young people asunder during the entire three volumes, they are sure to be brought together and made happy in the last chapter.

Now, it is not such scenes as these that human life exhibits. We have often to act not with refined and elevated characters, but with the mean, the illiterate and the vulgar. Every day brings to us duties the very reverse of romantic, and surrounds us with sordid cares which no effort of imagination can make poetical. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Too often the good man's life is one of toil and neglect and perpetual struggle, whilst the idle and the profligate enjoy the world's choicest blessings. Men and women of flesh and blood have other aims and higher objects than love-making, and the romance of life does not end, but it rather begins with marriage. It is true the false impressions of life, which novel-reading is calculated to give, are soon corrected by active occupation, by intercourse with the world, and by habits of real business. But these impressions, even when eradicated, are apt, unless great care is taken, to engender a feeling more dangerous, because more unsettling—a feeling of envy for those above us in station, and of distaste for our surroundings, and for the position in life in which we have been placed. The clerk, compelled to toil day after day, and year after year in dingy offices, for small pay and increasing expenses, will long to change his lot with those high-born heroes of romance whose leisure and money are alike unbounded, and whose sole object in life seems to be to find out the means of enjoying both. The middle-class youth reads, for example, that passage in which Lothair, on his majority, is

introduced to all the splendour and magnificence of Muriel Towers, and is put in possession of the accumulations of a long minority, and of a more than royal income; and a wistful envy will come upon him as he thinks of the life of labour on which he has entered, and which was the only inheritance into which he ever came. The struggling professional man who finds it hard to make out either time or means for a short annual holiday, thinks his case still harder as he reads how Mr. Phœbus, in the same book, is enabled by his earnings to maintain an entire island in the Mediterranean, wherein to pass his vacation, and a stately yacht in which to make his summer voyages. I might go on multiplying instances, but those I have given will sufficiently explain my meaning. Of course such feelings as I have referred to are foolish, and unreasonable, and illogical; but wisdom and sober judgment are not given to everyone. And such feelings will assuredly come with much novel-reading, unless a determined check is put upon the roving of the imagination, and unless all dissatisfied longings are kept down with a strong hand. So far as a character in fiction is concerned, the invitation given by Mr. Charles Reade in the title of one of his latest novels, should very rarely, if at all, be accepted. Believe me it will be the better for you if you do not try to "put yourself in his place."

(To be continued.)

A CHRISTMAS SONNET.

The world is white, without, with driven snow.
 The wind is rushing through the leafless trees,
 Over the high hills, to the dark wild seas,
 And all the birds are silent in their woe.
 The walls are green and gay with mistletoe,
 The boys are striving how the girls to please,
 The old sit silent while the young sing glees,
 They sang themselves once, not so long ago,

Now is a time of joy in all men's hearts
 When God looks down upon the world's white face,
 Where He once came, where He will come again;
 And ever and anon the silence parts,
 And in each ear there comes the word of grace,
 "Peace upon earth, and goodwill unto men!"

AUGUSTUS M. MOORE.

Moore Hall.